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LET ME GIVE YOU A LIFT.

In Time of Need.

(Joseph Woodhouse, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

Job Carter was resting by the side of the road. He had seen more than threescore years and ten. And the burden of the years had bent his body, hollowed his cheeks, and furrowed his brow.

It had been a glorious summer day. The fields were fast whitening unto harvest. Everything was full of promise for the joy of harvest-home.

Job had started to work at half-past five in the morning, walked two miles to Farmer Wade's potato fields, and had toiled all the day.

The hot weather had tried Job more than usual. Scarcely a cloud had cast a shadow over the field during the long hours. He was weary and worn, and had come half the distance on his way home when he felt faint. Putting down his tools, which he was taking with him for work in his own garden, he sat by the roadside to recover a little.

Need we be surprised if his thoughts were not of the rosiest line? He could not work much longer. He would have to accept the help of the parish after all, till darkness thickened, and the last prayer was spoken: 'Lord, with me abide.'

His thoughts were interrupted by the measured sounds of a horse trotting briskly along the road.

As the cart, drawn by the plump cob, came up, Job recognized the driver as Mrs. Hastings. She knew Job as the lonely man who lived in the tiny cottage where the road bends, about a mile from the lane leading to her own farm.

'Good evening, Job,' she said. 'It has been a very hot day. Are you tired?'

'Yes, ma'am,' answered Job; 'and I've had a bit of a faint. I shall get along by and by,' he added, shouldering his tools as he spoke.

'Let me give you a lift; it's a good way yet for you, and you look so tired.'

'I feel it, ma'am! I feel it! Thank you much. It's very kind to offer to take up a poor old man.'

And raising his hand to his head in a rough sort of salute, he accepted Mrs. Hastings' kind offer.

It was only a small thing, it is true. But it was the spirit in which the deed was done that gave the little deed its value in God's sight.

Along the pathway of all of us there are many opportunities of doing little kindnesses for others. And in doing them we show that we have the spirit of Christ. Very few of us have the opportunity to do great things that anybody can applaud; but we can be quick to render kindly help in the time of need, even if the help be small.

John Vassar, the Soul Winner

(The Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D., in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

A young man has charge of a brewery in Poughkeepsie. He has a hot temper, and when provoked swears profusely. His wife is Godless like himself. They care nothing for the Word or the worship of God. His cousin, an earnest Christian, begs and hires him to go just once to a revival meeting in the Baptist church. He is so impressed that he returns the next day of his own accord. His conviction of sin is like that of Bunyan and Newton. One night on going home and finding his wife fast asleep, he wakes her with the words, 'How can you rest when your husband is going right down to hell?' His views of the holiness of God in contrast with his own sinfulness filled him with pangs of contrition.

A friend describes his conversion thus: 'I sat next to him in the first seat as you enter the door. I never saw a soul in such agony as he. The service closed, and most of the congregation had retired. He said he could not go out of the room until forgiveness had been spoken and peace had come. Half a dozen of us remained and prayed that mercy might be extended and his burden lifted off. Then he broke out into petitions for himself, and such begging for salvation I never heard from the lips of any other penitent. He was more calm before we separated, but not by any means at rest. The next night, however, he was rejoicing in the Saviour's pardoning love; there was rapture in his face, there was glory in his soul. There was glory in the old prayer-meeting room, too, as he told us that evening of his own peace and the preciousness of Jesus.'

On his way home he joined with others in singing on the street, and some one suggested that people would think them crazy. He replied, 'Let them think so. They said the blessed Lord Jesus had a devil!' He turned the brewery, where he still worked, into a place of prayer and praise. A fellow-workman said to a visitor, 'There is one spot in this brewery that is better than any church in Poughkeepsie, and that is where John Vassar prays.'

He was not long in seeing that the brewery business was hindering the cause of Christ, so he gave up his position that he might devote all his time and influence to Christian work. His wife and child died. Several years after the death of his little son he said in an address, 'When I laid little Johnnie down out of my arms into the arms of the dear Saviour, this world and I forever parted company.' He resolved that his single mission in life should be to win souls to Christ, and that he would remain in a company only so long as he could speak of the Saviour, and, when that subject was exhausted, he would seek other company.

Such is a brief account of the conversion and consecration of John Vassar, the most remarkable face-to-face soul winner the last century gave to the Church of Christ. He sought 'by all means to save some.' With books and tracts in his hands, and a passion for souls in his heart, he travelled over this continent with the one thought of seeking and saving the lost.

In Boston he urged upon a worldly woman the importance of seeking the salvation of her soul, and prayed with her. When the husband

returned in the evening, the wife said, 'There was a queer old man here to-day, who talked to me about my soul, and before he left, he kneeled down and prayed for you and me.' 'If I had been here,' replied the husband, 'I should have told him to go about his business.' 'If you had been here, my dear,' quietly answered his wife, 'you would have thought that he was about his business.' Soul winning was the business of John Vassar. All other things, however important, were incidentals. The individual and the crowd always suggested to him the possibility of saving a soul. He seemed to love people with the very heart of Christ, so intensely that he cared little about their possessions of wealth or culture. To him every soul was so infinitely valuable that he could see little difference in people. The streets they lived on, the clothing they wore and their social position did not affect him in the least; it was the souls he was after, and all else was of minor importance until Christ possessed the soul.

His work was, therefore, in season and out of season; rather every season with 'Uncle John,' as his friends familiarly called him, was a soul-winning season. He did not look forward for months to the harvest, but regarded each day as a harvest time, and every community a ripe field. He carried the sickle all the time. He sowed seeds of truth, but he could not be satisfied without reaping.

Dr. Perkins, of Brooklyn, told me that he was walking with 'Uncle John' along a country road near Poughkeepsie one warm summer afternoon when a farmer, passing with his team, invited them to take seats beside him and ride. Dr. Perkins said: 'I talked with the farmer about the weather, his crops, his horses, anything that I thought would interest a farmer, but "Uncle John" did not say a word until there was a lull in our conversation, when, in his quiet, earnest way, he looked up into the farmer's face and said: "Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" The farmer acknowledged that he did not, but before the ride was finished he was rejoicing in the Lord who can save to the uttermost.'

On another occasion 'Uncle John,' seeing a farmer at work in his field, left the road and preached Christ to him as they stood in the freshly ploughed furrows. Before he left they were both kneeling in the soft earth, praising God for salvation. When dining at another farmer's table he noticed that the young man, son of the farmer, for whom they had been praying, was absent, and 'Uncle John' surmised that the cause of absence was the desire to escape religious conversation. He took this for a good sign that the Spirit of God was moving upon the young man's heart, and, rising from the table, he started in pursuit of him, but he was nowhere visible. 'Uncle John' searched and called, but there was no response. At length, the earnest seeker found the young man in the barn at the bottom of a large hogshead into which he had jumped, hoping that he would thus remain unobserved, but 'Uncle John,' nothing daunted, leaped into the hogshead beside the young man, preached unto him Jesus, kneeled in prayer, and before they left the hogshead the young man was rejoicing in Christ.

In the army John Vassar won hundreds of soldiers to Christ. They believed in him and welcomed him at all times and places. He made such a stir in the 150th New York Regiment that General Ruger sent a soldier to summon the enthusiastic evangelist to his presence. The soldier found him in a religious meeting. Touching him upon the shoulder, he quietly informed him that the General wanted to see him. Not the least agitated 'Uncle John' said, 'Boys, go right on with the meeting, the General wants to see me.' General Ruger's rather rough question was: 'Who are you, and what are you here for? You are not the chaplain of either of these regiments. We shot a man as spy who came into our camp as you have come to-day. By whose authority are you here?' 'Uncle John' replied: 'I am agent of the American Tract Society, and I know the whole of the 150th Regiment, and I have passes from President Lincoln through all the Army of the Potomac. And now, General, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ? We can have a little season of prayer right here.' 'No, no,' said General Ruger. 'Here, orderly, take this man back, and I will see Colonel Katchum about him;' and before the meeting from which he was taken was closed 'Uncle John' was back with the boys in a rapture of prayer and of praise. He was captured by a company of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's cavalry. When brought before the General and asked about himself, 'Uncle John' replied that he was an agent of the American Tract Society, and the servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. 'Oh, yes,' said General Stuart, 'I know that good old Society, and we need have no fear of one of its agents.' 'But, General,' continued 'Uncle John,' 'do you know and love the Lord Jesus?' One of the soldiers who was guarding him said, 'I think, General, we had better send this man back across the lines, for if we do not we shall have a prayer-meeting from here to Richmond.' So 'Uncle John' was passed across the line, and they were relieved of his troublesome importunities. The Confederate soldiers were not in a frame of mind to be converted by a Federal tract agent.

These sudden questions often startled and sometimes repelled strangers, but there were few instances where permanent harm was the result. An infuriated husband once drove him from the door because he suspected that the purpose of his visit was to pray with his wife, and he was determined that there should be no praying under his roof. 'Uncle John' went very meekly away, but, after several hours of prayer in his room, returned to the house. The husband then informed him that he might come in provided he would promise not to pray. This 'Uncle John' refused to do, but he was nevertheless admitted, and prayed as much as he wished. In a certain town his sudden question and earnest persistence so angered a society belle that she circulated the report that he had insulted her. The people refused to come to his meetings, and spurned him from their own doors. He left that town with a heavy heart, unable, he said, to understand why God should permit such a thing; but the young lady was so stricken in conscience by her evil deed that she came with her young friends into 'Uncle John's' presence, and made public confession of the lie she had told, saying, as she begged his forgiveness, that it was the meanest thing she had ever done in all her life.

John Vassar, though so bold in his attacks upon sin and sinners, was one of the humblest of men. He delighted in calling himself 'The Shepherd's dog.' His work never displaced, but always supplemented, the work of the pastor.

At the close of his life he lingered for a little while, with infirm body, in the twilight of the morning, and his last word was 'Hallelujah!' as he passed into the presence of the King he had so faithfully served.

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Strength Sufficient.

(Minnie Leona Upton, in the 'American Messenger.')

From the depths one cried in anguish,
All human help withdrawn,
In the blackness of the midnight,
When distant seemed the dawn,
'All thy waves and all thy billows
Over me, Lord, are gone!'

The Lord of the sea drew closer
To this child in deep despair:
'Hast thou forgotten the promise
That should strengthen thy soul to bear?
When thou passeth through the waters
I will be with thee there.'

Then this soul looked up to the Father,
And to His hand held fast,
Fearing no more the billows,
Heeding no more the blast;
And, filled with peace ineffable,
Through the turbulent waters passed.

O, better to breast the billows,
Holding that mighty hand,
Than to walk in thine own strength trusting
Through a fair and sunlit land;
Far better than peace unworthy,
With Him in the storm to stand.

Cling to His strength in failing,
Though thine own strength decline;
So shall thou taste unflinching
The bitterness of the brine;
So shall thou know thy Father
And the power of love divine.

I Mean Business.

'Let's go in.'

'Oh, I guess not.'

'It certainly can't do us any hurt.'

'It can't, that's a fact.'

Two young men stood in front of a Gospel Mission in the city of Louisville, Ky. Both were wanderers and strangers in the city, and had been arrested at the threshold by the sound of music. Sweet the refrain sounded as it floated out to them,

'Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, just now.'

'Then I say we go in,' urged Charles Cox, the one who had first made the proposition. And the two descended the steps and found themselves in a long, narrow basement.

Mr. Stephen Holcombe had invited a lady to speak that night. Something in her voice and manner reminded Charles of his early home and his tender mother, who for years had been in her grave. When she had finished, and Mr. Holcombe was giving an invitation, she came and stood beside him, and, laying her hand on his shoulder, asked:

'Are you a Christian?'

'No.'

'Would you like to be?'

'Yes,'

Very earnestly she pointed out to him how simple a thing it is to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation. While she was talking with him, his companion, a Jew, arose and went out.

When the services were ended Charles went to the room the two were to occupy together and for the first time in years ere he retired, knelt to pray. His companion laughed, then joked him, then tormented him. At length Charles looked up, still remaining on his knees, and said firmly:

'Not another word; I mean business.'

Ah! I like a young man that in religion, as well as in everything else that is good, means business. There would not be so many half-hearted Christians, nor so many wordly professors, if all young people, when they commenced a Christian life, resolved that it should be for time and eternity.—'Standard.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Boy Lover.

I like a boy, the lawyer said,
  To heed my beck and call,
Of course I have a telephone
  And speaking tubes, and all
The patent labor-saving fads,
  But I can still employ
An honest, bright, reliable,
  And active human boy.

A telephone can't smile at you;
  It never finds your hat,
Nor does it brighten up your wits,
  Suggesting this or that.
It never says, 'Beg pardon, sir;
  I think this is your cane;'
Nor an umbrella ferrets out
  When mists dissolve in rain.

A girl looks nice behind a desk;
  A man can do some things
With more or less alacrity;
  But 'tis the boy who brings
Quick wit and jocose liveliness,
  That never swerves from truth,
Aiming to follow paths of right
  With the light step of youth.

The telephone will keep its place;
  The boy sometimes forgets;
You look into his blushing face,
  And hear his brave regrets,
Thinking, 'I did the same myself,'
  Saying, 'My boy, beware
Of "Didn't think," and "Never mind,"
  And of that fervid "Don't care."'

A boy grows manly day by day,
  You see his childhood wane;
He copies little ways of yours,
  You grow a trifle vain;
His cheery whistle you expect,
  Knowing that he'll appear
Just at the time he said he'd come,
  With greetings good to hear.

I am no doubt old-fashioned;
  Boys may be out of date;
But all the men I ever knew
  Were boys once, soon or late;
To help a boy to be a man
  Is not a service small;
I like to have a boy around
  To heed my beck and call.

—'Christian Advocate.'

Some Boys' I Have Met.

I saw a small boy stealing a ride on the back of a street car. 'Not much harm in that?' Well, it is cheating, that's all.

One boy I have seen I would not recommend for any position whatever. He is bright and energetic, he has winning manners, but he is dishonest.

What does he do? He cheats in little, mean ways—and thinks it's smart. He writes a note on the corner of a newspaper, and mails it at newspaper rates; he holds his railway trip-ticket in such a way that when the conductor punches it the boy gets three rides where he should have but two, and then he boasts of 'getting the better' of the railway; he borrowed a pencil when he entered an office on trial, and the pencil went away in his pocket. He has no keen sense of honor, he has lost his self-respect, and worse still, he does not know it.

'John,' said a lady in the office where John was employed, 'don't you live near the corner of Fifth Street and West Avenue?' 'Yes,' he said. 'Then will you take this parcel around there on your way home?'

John did not dare to say 'No,' but he grumbled out after the lady had turned away, 'There's no money in working overtime.' He never knew that one listener might have recommended him for a better position, nor that his surly remarks lost him the chance.

'What he wants,' two men were saying of a third, 'is a truck that will come right up to the job and load itself.' Tom was that kind of a boy. He would do his work—yes, but in a grudging way, and never in the way he was told to do it if he could possibly devise another. Unless constantly called to order, he would tip back his chair in his leisure moments, put his feet on the top of the table and drum with his fingers. Tom lost his place after a very short trial, and so will every boy who takes no pains to do as he is told or to be courteous.

'Across the lake? Take you over for one cent. Just as cheap as the bridge.'

'No, thank you. I want to go down to the pavilion.'

'Take you down there for five cents.'

'All right! That's cheaper than walking,' and I stepped into the boat, leaned back at my ease on the cushioned seat, and watched the young oarsman. He couldn't have been more than twelve years old. He had a frank, clear face, and he managed the oars as if used to them.

The camera in my hand gave the clue for the opening conversation, and I soon learned that he owned one, and could use it, too. But he had discovered that 'it costs a good deal to keep up a camera,' and being fond of music, he had agreed to a proposal by his mother to change it for a mandolin.

Of course he rode a wheel. 'Can you swim?' I asked.

'Oh, yes! Mother wouldn't let me out with the boat if I couldn't.'

Our ride was all too short for the talk with the active lad who had an eye for business, who believed in his mother, and whose mother trusted him.

Coming from an office to which business occasionally call me, I met a newsboy with the evening papers under his arm. Selecting one from the big bundle and folding it with care as he spoke, he said 'Mail and Express?' in the confident tone of one who knew what the answer would be.

Smiling and taking out my purse, I asked 'How did you know I wanted a "Mail and Express"?'

'Oh, you've bought it from me two or three times,' he replied quickly.

'Well, you remember things better than I do,' I said.

'It's worth while to remember your customers,' was the answer.

One of these days that boy will be a treasure to an employer, and his customers will come again and again, and buy of him something more valuable than the daily papers.—Alice M. Guernsey, in the 'American Boy.'

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

The Little Squire.

He was a bit of a boy Tony Loftus, the Squire of Rushlands, and his shadow, Joey Wilks, matched him down to the ground in age and size. Their acquaintance, which time ripened into the firmest of friendship, began quaintly enough.

'What do you think, mother?' said Tony, rushing, one afternoon, into the drawing-room where his mother was pouring out tea for herself.

'I can't guess this time, Tony dear!' Mrs. Loftus tried to speak brightly, but it was a sore effort sometimes to be cheery. It was not such a great while since her beloved husband, the last Squire, had been brought home to her dead—killed by an accident in the hunting-field, and life had been dark indeed for the desolate widow ever since. But she had a gallant heart, and did her brave best to keep up a bright face for the sake of her boy Tony, now the little squire, and his small sister Nina.

'Well, mother,' Tony went on speaking fast in his excitement, 'we were coming home, Mr. Grainger and me, and I felt thirsty, so I ran into one of the cottages to ask for a drink, and there was that little shaver, Widow Wilks' boy quite alone lying in bed. "Hilloa!" I said, "what's the matter?" Up he scrambled in bed, and bobbed a curtsey like a girl's! "Be you come a-wisitin' the sick, sir?" he asked, staring at me, solemn as an owl. Mother, I could have shouted, but I didn't like to hurt the comical little chap's feelings.'

'What a nice little boy he must be!' enthusiastically said Nina, coming up to the tea-table with a doll on each arm. 'And what did you say, Tony?'

'Oh, I sat down, and asked what I could do for him. "Wisitors to the sick reads to 'em," he said quite gravely. "Oh, well," I said, "I haven't a book, but, if you don't mind, I'll tell you a story." "Yes, sir, please sir!" he said. So I told the little chap "Jack the Giant-killer" and he was quite pleased, mother!' Tony's face was in a glow when he finished.

'I don't think, "Jack the Giant-killer" comes under the head of the usual reading to the sick!' Mrs. Loftus said with an irrepressible little laugh. 'But, as Nina says, the boy must really be nice. However, I don't think Mr. Grainger ought to let you run about the cottages, Tony, particularly if there be sickness of any kind.'

Mr. Grainger was Tony's tutor, a mild, absent-minded mortal who lived his life behind his spectacles in the dreamy world of his own brain. He let Tony do pretty much as he liked, out of the school-room at least. It was easy enough, therefore, for the little squire to follow up his acquaintance with Joey Wilks. The two boys had a mutual attraction for each other which increased rather as time went on. When Tony went birds'-nesting in the Rusland woods or rabbit-trapping on the moorland that stretched between the woods and the seashore, Joey Wilks followed, a devoted shadow. The quaint urchin had conceived a lasting affection for the little squire, and thirsted to win his careless word of approval.

'I say, Joey, I want you this afternoon.' It was a bright spring day, the half-holiday, and Joey grinned expectantly guessing that some lawless venture was in prospect.

Afternoon came and the boys lost no time in plunging through the woods after birds' eggs.

'Hillio!' piped out Joey suddenly, and he carefully picked up a small object in the pathway. It was an inquisitive young rook that had overbalanced himself, and tumbled out of the family mansion overhead in the elms. 'I'll carry him back 'ome, master,' said Joey, and

he forthwith ascended the elm, Tony watching him from below. The feat was accomplished, the lost truant restored to a nest, if not of which he came, and Joey Wilks proceeded to descend in such hot haste that, to the horror of Tony, the hapless uchin fell with a thud on the mossy ground at his feet.

Before the day was over Joey found himself stretched on a bed in the accident ward of the cottage hospital belonging to the county-town, a nurse and his tearful mother bending over him.

'Whatever do the doctors say as it is, please?' tremblingly inquired Widow Wilks.

'Oh, the thigh is fractured——'

'There now!' interrupted the widow. 'Bain't you downright 'shamed o' yourself, Joey?'

'You'd ha' done the same, mother,' spoke up a small weak voice from the bed where the hero lay stretched helpless on his back.

'Me!' ejaculated his mother wrathfully. 'A respectable tidy widdy climb trees after young rooks. You're a bad boy, Joey, you are!'

But when time went on and Joey's fractured limb had to be put into plaster-of-Paris, the village seemed so impressed that Widow Wilks began to feel secretly gratified by the honors her boy had brought upon himself in hospital. But her pride was soon dashed.

'Mark our words,' the village shook its head, 'that boy is going to be a cripple.'

But there was no such dismal fate in store for Joey. In good time he skipped out of the plaster-of-Paris, and was quite ready for the little squire's orders.

It was not long before the boys, master and man, were up to their four eyes in mischief. Mr. Grainger, the near-sighted tutor, patiently groaned under the burden of a pupil who seldom let the sun go down without falling into some pitiful plight or other, Joey Wilks, in duty bound, bearing him company. Thus the two lived in an atmosphere quickened with mischief.

'They're safe to be the death of each other!' vowed the alarmed household on the bleak winter's day when the pair fumbled their way home through the slush and snow of the long avenue. The squire was wrapped in the torn jacket belonging to Joey, who himself brought up the rear shivering in his shirt-sleeves. The streams of water which were pouring from each lad alike were freezing into icicles, and the sorry-looking couple could scarce explain, with chattering teeth, what had befallen them.

An impending thaw, after a severe frost, had suggested the possibilities of embarking on a home-made raft for the purpose of navigating between the floes of ice swaying to and fro on the pond which was the home of the Rushlands swans and water-fowl. Thus the pair fondly hoped to realize the fascinating dangers and rigors of an expedition to the North Pole. Ten minutes of such Arctic experiences saw the upset adventurers floundering among the flopping masses of ice. The pond being quite shallow, the boys soon splashed their way out. But each brought down on his head an illness that kept him out of mischief for some time. On the heels of this tranquil interregnum came important changes. The little squire went to Eton, and Joey to the blacksmith's forge. The time had come for them to prove for themselves that 'life is real, life is earnest.' But the link of friendship between the pair was unbroken. Despatches journeyed through the post-office to Joey Wilks anent the various live properties, feathered and furred, in the Rushlands menagerie, of which Joey was sole keeper. In holiday times the squire and his humble friend were as of old inseparable. In all things Joey sought ardently to be the human copy, far-off, perhaps, but faithful, of his youthful master. When in the fulness of time, Tony went to Sandhurst, Joey was nonplussed. Then it was that his dreams began to be peopled with the allurments of a soldier's life.

'Joey's come over terrible quiet,' complained Widow Wilks. ''Tain't natural to he!'

'P'raps he be took for mortal illness!' was the comforting suggestion of her cronies.

These forebodings ceased abruptly in the face of sudden fresh news. The squire had passed through Sandhurst making a brilliant show near the top of the list. The astonished village held its breath.

Sometimes, when skies are brightest, storms sweep across them, darkening all the blue and blotting out the sun. At the moment when joyful pride over Tony's success filled the great house and overflowed down to the village, a sorrowful thing was happening in a London thoroughfare, at a crossing where the human tide met and caused a congested pressure nearly all day long.

Elbowing his way through the crowd, and dodging the bewildering stream of vehicles strode the successful young cadet. Tony Loftus was passing through town on his way home, and while his blue eyes roved hither and thither over the dense throng, a happy smile curved his lips at the thought of the congratulations awaiting him. Suddenly, above the surrouning din, rose a shrill, sharp cry ending in a long moan, then, a silence. A child, a deformed misshapen girl, carrying a large pasteboard box, had slipped under the horses' feet of a lumbering van. In a second more Tony was under them too, frantically trying to drag out the huddled human heap.

He managed to do so, but only at the sacrifice of himself, as the van crunched over the brave young squire.

'Lift him up gently!'

'No! Better not touch him until the doctor comes!'

Hoarsely excited directions were bandied from one to another of the crowd. The cripple-girl, whom Tony had saved at such a cost, was uninjured. She had simply fainted, and tender hands carefully bore her to the pavement.

But with Tony it was otherwise. A doctor pushed his way through the parting crowd, and, stooping, felt the unconscious lad's heart.

'To the hospital!' he said briefly, and the ambulance already in waiting bore away the senseless heap, that a short time before had been brimming over with the joy of youth and the pride of glowing success.

'There's bad news comed to Rushlands!' The word went round the village like wildfire when the telegraph-boy trudged over from the county-town.

'If you please, is it anything about Master Tony?' a thin, frightened voice asked, as Joey Wilks, to the scandal of the grey-headed butler, forced his way into the presence of Mrs. Loftus.

When Joey heard the sorry tale from the stricken mother's white lips he turned as if to stone. But there was no time to note his despair, for everywhere excitement prevailed. Mrs. Loftus and Nina set off to London in all haste, sick fear knocking against their hearts and wild suspense benumbing them with anxiety as to what they were speeding to meet.

It was silent and still in the great London hospital, where life sped on clockwork wheels and all noises were tabooed. It was quietest of all in one of the rooms set apart for paying patients. On the bed lay the room's occupant, the young Squire of Rushlands. He was dozing fitfully: now and again, he raised his heavy eyelids for a moment. When he did so, a queer little smile trembled about his pale lips as his gaze rested on a curious visitor who sat by his bed-side staring at him with that world of intent love one rarely sees save in the eyes of a faithful dog.

'What's the news, Joey?' Tony roused himself at last to say. His voice sounded strange and thin, but then its owner had just struggled through a dark valley of peril and of anguish.

'Please, Master Tony, sir, Whitelady, the bay mare, slipped and cut her knees terrible bad, an' three of Juno's pups is dead, an' the new hawk flewed away, an'——'

'And the squire's leg is cut off! A nice chapter of horrors, eh, old Joey?' Tony managed to get the words out, but the laugh he tried to round them off with choked him.

A silence brooded for a few seconds.

'Oh, Master Tony, sir! Master Tony, dear!' Joey Wilks was down on his knees, and sobbing like a baby. 'Why wasn't us there to do it, astead of you? To say as the pick of the countryside, our own squire, should be struck down—there, I can't seem to bear it!'

In the simple country lad's passionate wail was the echo of that cry which went up long centuries since: 'I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful. . . .'

'I don't know, Joey!' dreamily said the squire plucking at the counterpane with the thin, chalky-white fingers that used to be so brown and nimble. 'I don't see why it shouldn't have been me. Things look so different when a chap is flat on a sick-bed. They've told you all about the accident?' he added irrelevantly.

Joey nodded briefly.

'Well, that poor girl, you see, had to be rescued from death, and why shouldn't I be the one to do it?' Then, with a catch in his breath, Tony hurried on, 'but it's a big price; sometimes, I think it's a bigger one than if I'd been killed outright. We never thought, did we, that I was to end this way——'

'Don't 'ee, Master Tony, sir! I can't abear that you should be a hopper, I can't!' hoarsely struck in the kneeling lad.

'Can't you, Joey! Well, you see, I have got to bear it. It's my cross, a precious heavy one to shoulder.'

Joey Wilks had for years been such a bit of the little squire's self that he spoke unreservedly as if thinking aloud. 'We've had such talks, the mother and I, since I've been lying here. At first, she was like you, Joey; she choked over it all. It was about as bad for her as for me that I should lose my leg just as——well, you heard all about Sandhurst, Joey?' Tony asked eagerly.

Joey nodded. Yes, he had heard.

'And I was up and ready. I'd have listed into the same regimentals,' he added decisively.

'Yes?' Tony smiled irrepressibly. 'I do believe you would, Joey!'

'Sartain sure, sir!' was the brief reply.

'Well,' softly went on Tony, 'it seems like a year since I've been lying here, and mother has sat with me every day, and we've had such talks. I don't suppose you could understand, Joey, but everything is changed. All I wanted before was to be a soldier, and make a name as a hero. Well, she has made me see that I can still be a soldier on the battle-fields of life. That means, Joey, that a chap with but one leg can enlist in the corps that fights the enemy of souls. In that army they're not particular as to a man's inches and his make, bodily speaking. And so that's what I've made up my mind to be—God helping me!'

'Be you going to set up for parson, then, Master Tony?' Joey asked in amaze.

'Oh, no, not that sort! There are plenty of better men far than I for that. Besides, I've my work cut out as Squire of Rushlands. I've the old place in trust as my father before me had. And it's down there I mean to do my fighting. There's as much and more wicked

misery in the country as in great cities; and it's the country that builds up the towns with human lives, so it will be beginning at the right end.'

'Yes, sir,' assented Joey tersely. 'An' I'll 'list along with you.'

The earnest resolutions formed on Tony's sick-bed have been carried out. The young squire joined the army of Christian soldiers. When he began his work of reforming the lives of his poorer neighbors he had to run the gauntlet of many a sneer and jibe. But a soldier's part is to 'endure hardness.' As time went on, and Tony's valorous efforts flooded with 'sweetness and light' lives that had been sorry and sad enough, people forgot their sarcasms in their predictions that, by-and-by, when the squire stands for the county in Parliament, his influence for good will be still wider-reaching. This Christian warrior, like Saul, 'a choice young man,' will shine out a true hero

'In the world's broad field of battle,'

as one of Christ's army, if not the King's. And where the squire leads, his shadow, Joey Wilks, now promoted to be his personal attendant, steadfastly follows.

'Ah!' the village wags its head wisely. 'It 'twortn't such a bad thing for we when the young squire lost his leg. What with the new cottages, and the new comforts, and the squire's beautiful new cork leg, wny-a, what was his loss is gain to we.'

Just so! And perhaps, when all things earthly are summed up, by and by, Tony's loss may turn out Tony's gain, instead for himself also.—'Leisure Hour.'

What Have We Done To-day?

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done to-day?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give to-day?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak a word of love and cheer,
But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,
But what have we been to-day?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile
But what have we brought to-day?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth;
But whom have we fed to-day?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown to-day?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built to-day?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we do our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask—
'What have we done to-day?'
—Nixon Waterman.

Marriage Markets in Russia.

'Where is your daughter, Piotr Ivanovitch?'

'Gone to the marriage-market at Salnykoi, your honor.'

'Ah, I see; well, Olga is a pretty girl, and I suppose she'll do fairly well'

That, said Wolf Von Schierbrand, in an article in 'Harper's Weekly,' on 'Marriages in Russia,' is a sample of conversation between the owner of a Russian estate and an elderly peasant in the neighboring village, who wants to dispose of his daughter through the marriage-market, an institution which still exists in certain Russian districts. The best known of these markets is that which takes place annually at Klui, near Moscow, during Epiphany week. All of the young women who wish to get married in the course of the year are mustered in a long row, in the principal street of the town, wearing as much finery and adornment as they own. After undergoing for hours the scrutiny of would-be benedicts, the girls march off in procession to the church, and are accosted on the way by the men whose fancy they have struck. If any two of the young people think they suit each other, the matter is concluded on a strictly business basis.—'Morning Star.'

'Kiss Your Mother.'

A lady tells of a visit she made at one time in a beautiful home where lived a dear old lady, Aunt Abby. Seeing her sitting in her rocking-chair by the window one day, and looking a bit lonely, as she passed by she put her arm around her and kissed her cheek. The old lady flushed with pleasure, and said: 'Thank you, dear Thank you.' 'Why, Aunt Abby,' said the lady, 'I am surprised that you should seem to care so much. 'My dear,' she said earnestly, 'kiss your mother; kiss her often. You don't know how much good it will do her. Ah! we kissed them so much when they were little ones, the darlings; but now they have so much to do, and so many cares, it is not strange that they seem to forget. They are so kind and good. They want us to have everything, and more than we need. It is only that they are always so busy. Don't forget, dear, to kiss your mother every day. It will make her very happy, and—when she is gone the memory will be all the sweeter.'—Selected.

Found Out.

(Louise J. Strong, in the 'Classmate.')

'I am sorry, Miss Dilsey, but the boy is too small. He could not do the work required to fill the place.' The doctor spoke kindly, but decidedly.

Miss Dilsey rose, her pinched little face pale and worn, and her voice trembling somewhat, as she replied: 'Harry is older than he looks, and is quite stout. But if he could not do the work there is no more to be said. I had hoped to get something for him to do, for now that school is out he is on the street so much, and that isn't good for him.'

'No, that isn't good for him,' the doctor echoed, 'and I'm sorry that I cannot take him.' He politely escorted Miss Dilsey to the door.

When he re-entered his office his nephew Lucian stood by the table with a red, indignant face.

'Well, so you've got back, have you?' the doctor remarked, cheerily.

'Uncle Spencer, I wouldn't have believed it of you!' the boy burst out.

The doctor stared in apparent astonishment, evidently awaiting an explanation.

'I was in the other room all the time—and I couldn't help hearing!'

'You're welcome to hear anything that's said in this office. But you look as if you'd heard something that has shocked you,' his uncle bantered.

'I did—and that made me ashamed of you, too. Oh, I beg your pardon, Uncle Spencer, I oughtn't to'av said that; but that poor little woman's story was so pitiful, and she'll lose her home if she can't make the payment. I think you might have helped her a little, and tried the boy. But you were so cold and unfeeling; I wouldn't have believed it!' The boy's eyes flashed with indignant excitement.

The doctor smiled composedly, saying, 'I suppose you think I should have advanced her the money, and been badgered by that harum-scarum boy, who would have bothered me far more than he could have possibly helped me.'

'I thought you were good to the poor—'

'I dose 'em at half price,' his uncle interjected; then, with a sarcastic smile, added: 'I can't carry all of them; don't expect that of me, do you? And I'm not the only fellow in this town with an income—nor in this room, either! Come, now, how sorry are you for Miss Dilsey; how many dollars' worth of pity have you for her?'

'That's different,' Lucian muttered, going over to the window.

Uncle Spencer winked at the back turned to him, and began to enumerate from an account book: '"Saddle horse;" "Span ponies;" "Club expenses;" "Camping expedition;" and "Lakes"—father'll have to add a few hundred to a certain boy's allowance, or he'll have to retrench; and Miss Dilsey won't be the better for it, either.' The doctor spoke musingly to the book, but Lucian turned defiantly.

'I don't spend a bit more than I need to! Father tells me to use all I want; and I don't see what that has to do with Miss Dilsey, anyway.'

'Oh, don't you!' the doctor ejaculated. 'Well, I think you're as responsible for her as I am. You've got lots the most money, you know.'

Then Uncle Spencer laughed aloud in seeming enjoyment, as Lucian flung himself out and banged the door. 'Nothing so easy as spending other people's money, my boy,' he commented, with a sigh.

An hour later, having made sure that the coast was clear, Dr. Spencer knocked at Miss Dilsey's door.

'I'm almost ashamed to look you in the face,' he said the moment the door closed behind him. 'I don't know what you thought of my unfeeling treatment of you and your troubles, but I was making an experiment. You know I have my sister's son with me for the year, while his parents are abroad; his father is very wealthy, and the boy is indulged in every way. He has altogether too much money to spend for his own good. He thinks of no one but himself, and gives little,—and that grudgingly. He is kindhearted, and I think generous, if he could be brought to see the good he might do with his means and consider the needs of others. I thought an illustration of selfishness might help him to see— knew he was in the next room. This explains my conduct. Now, Miss Dilsey, I will try and find something for Harry, and you shall have all the help you need on your payment; only do not let Lucian know, and if he should come to you, as I hope, let him have his way.'

He left her in grateful tears of relief, pledged to keep his secret.

'I think the boy will ring true; I think he's the right sort of stuff,' the doctor reflected, watching Lucian wistfully.

Lucian did not 'ring' anything for a few days. He sulked, and scarcely spoke to his uncle more than civility demanded.

Then for a week or so he was away most of the time, saying nothing of his doings or whereabouts, and his uncle grew anxious. It was evident that his experiment had failed, and he had gained the ill-will of the boy in vain. It was a great relief when Lucian suddenly recovered his spirits and went whistling about, his old self.

One day when the doctor was at leisure Lucian came to him with a request. 'Uncle Spencer,' he said, 'I wish you would ride a few blocks with me if you have time. I've a notion to make an investment in real estate, and want you to see it and advise me.'

'In real estate!' the doctor exclaimed, astonished.

Lucian smiled mysteriously, but would not explain until he drew up before a neat little house with an acre of ground attached at the edge of the town.

'There, that's for sale cheap, and Miss Dilsey can turn her little place in town on it in payment, as far as she owns it; then my "Saddle horse, Span ponies, Club expenses," etc., will pay it all off and enough left to carry out my plan for them,' he quoted mischievously, laughing gaily at his uncle's surprise.

'Oh, but I was mad, Uncle Spencer,' he went on, 'when you showed me what a selfish, stingy hulk I had got to be! I don't think I'll need that lesson again. Look here, uncle, this is my plan: Harry has an older brother who has to be away from them now to get work. If they come here they can all be together, and that will make them happy, especially Miss Dilsey, who wants the boys with her. The boys can garden and raise poultry. Harry is pretty near as much of a chicken crank as I am. We'll build good houses, and get good stock—why I'd love to be in it as long as I am here with you, and Miss Dilsey won't have to sew; she'd have enough to keep her busy just managing. There'll be plenty out of my "retrenchments" to do it all, I think, but father'll let me have more if we need it. Say you approve, uncle, for I've set my heart on doing it.'

'Approve!' Uncle Spencer grasped his hand. 'It's a fine plan, sensible and manly. It helps in the best way possible by making the boys self-supporting and self-respecting. My dear boy, I felt sure you were the right sort! I can't tell you how gratified I am, and proud of you, too!'

After a little he added, soberly: 'Wealth such as yours will be is a great responsibility, and if you will you can make of it a source of much blessing to others. I think you have found that out, my boy.'

Lucian nodded, saying, 'And I like it, too. I didn't know it was so much fun spending for others, but it is; lots more than when you just put it all on yourself—folks like Miss Dilsey and the boys, anyway.'

After a bit he said, slyly: 'Uncle Spencer, I found you out, too. I was in the bank when Miss Dilsey presented the cheque you gave her to make that payment. I knew what it was for, if she wouldn't tell me,' and he shouted at the doctor's look of chagrin.

Do it Now.

A father, talking to his careless daughter, said: 'I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course, it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast; and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face.

'Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath, and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows, she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those skirmishes with the rough old world. And then the midnight kisses with which she routed so many bad dreams as she leaned above your pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years.

'Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as your are; but if you had done your share of work during the past ten years, the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, and yet if you were sick, that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear old face.

'She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands, that have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips, that gave you your first baby kiss, will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late!'—'Ladies' Home Journal.'

Fred's 'Thorough.'

'Sue,' said her brother, 'I wish you would sew up the glove where you mended it before It's all ripping out again. You didn't make a good job of it.'

'I sewed it well enough,' said Sue, inspecting the glove, 'but I guess I didn't fasten it thoroughly enough at the end. That's where the trouble came. Yes, I'll be thorough with it this time.'

'"Thorough" is a good word,' said mother. 'A great deal of trouble in the world arises from the lack of it.'

'Yes,' said Sue. 'While we are talking about it, Fred, I want to remind you that you didn't fasten that bracket in my room thoroughly the other day; the nail on one side came out. There was a little vase of flowers on it. It fell down, and was smashed. The water spoiled half a dozen or so books which were on the table under it.'

'Too bad, Sue. I'm really sorry. The next thing I do for you, you'll see I'll do it thoroughly.'

'The same to you,' said Sue, with a smile, as she handed him his glove.

'I wish you would run and close the side gate, Fred,' said his mother. 'Nora did not fasten it thoroughly when she came in, and it's swinging loose.'

'Another "thorough."'

'I'll close the gate,' said Fred; 'I'm just going out to rake up the leaves in the yard. It will be a good day's work, I tell you—well worth the quarter father's going to pay me for it. But I want the quarter, so I'm glad to do it.'

'Let it be thorough work,' said mother; 'no neglected corners, no leaves left among the bushes.'

Toward night Fred raised himself from his stooping position in a corner, and leaned on the broom he had brought to neatly supplement his work with the rake.

'Whew! My back aches, and my hands smart! But I think I've made good, honest work of this. Mother,' he called, 'please come out here, and look. There, now—you don't see any slighted spots about here, do you?'

'It is beautifully done,' said mother. 'I fancy the grass and bushes look eager to grow with such encouragement. But how about that corner over there?'

'Oh, that is my pile of leaves. Of course, they are not going to stay there. I'm tired and want to go in and read, so I'm going to wheel them away in the morning.'

'Is that "thorough?"' asked the mother.

'Yes, as far as it goes. There's not a bit of harm in leaving them till the morning.'

In the night a strong wind arose. Fred looked from his window in the morning to see with great vexation the leaves he had so carefully gathered swept in every direction over the lawn.

'Well, there's another day of my vacation gone. I suppose it served me right.'

Without a word of complaint, he went over the ground again. Mother came out as he was wheeling away the last load of leaves. He looked up at her with a rueful smile, saying: '"Thorough" is a pretty good word, mother.—'Youth's Evangelist.'

Her Dowery.

AN OLD STORY RE-TOLD.

(Valentine March, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'What a clever father-in-law, and what an original idea,' said the people who read the following item: 'For a dowry Herr Duchatscheck, of Dusseldorf, gave his daughter a present of her weight in silver coin. At her wedding she was solemnly weighed in the presence of the company. She was found to turn the scale at 140 pounds and to be worth about $2,000.' The idea, however, in its pristine state belongs to this country, and had its setting in the early Colonial days. We have Hawthorne's word for it.

The dry equation, 140 pounds of Fraulein Duchatscheck equals $2,000, sinks into insignificance in comparison with what took place at the wedding of Miss Betsy Hull, the only daughter of Captain John Hull, mint-master of Massachusetts. All the old silver in the colony was brought to him to coin—silver tankards, spoons, sword hilts, and a large amount of bullion taken from the Spaniards by English buccaneers. This was melted and fashioned into silver pieces, having on one side the date, 1652, and on the other side the figure of a pine tree shilling, for the coining of which the mint-master was allowed one piece out of every twenty. Now, Betsy, who was a plump and comely maiden, had been wooed and won by Samuel Sewell, a worthy young man who never cast envious eyes on the mint-master's accumulation of silver coin, but loved his daughter for her own intrinsic worth. This proceeding on Samuel's part, and his disregard for the trifling matter of a marriage portion, so pleased his father-in-law elect that he decided to reward such disinterested motives.

When the Puritan maiden and her lover had been pronounced husband and wife, Captain Hull, resplendent in a plum-colored coat, with buttons of pine tree shillings, ordered two of his men to bring forth a large pair of scales.

'Daughter Betsy,' said the captain, 'get into one side of these scales.'

Like a dutiful daughter, yet wondering much at such strange proceedings on the part of her father, the plump and comely bride obeyed his command. Then, having dragged forth a great iron-bound, oaken chest, which the mint-master unlocked, and opened, his servants were ordered to heap the silver shillings it contained into the empty side of the scales. With breathless interest Samuel and the wedding guests watched this novel sequel to the wedding ceremony as the pine tree shillings accumulated in the scales, and at last balanced the weight of Mrs. Samuel Sewell. This interesting proceeding over, the mint master said to his new son-in-law:

'There, son Sewell, take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly and thank heaven for her. It's not every wife that is worth her weight in silver!'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

'Unknown, Yet Well Known.'

A gentleman was one day visiting some destitute families in one of the poorest parts of London. After climbing a number of stairs, which led to the top of one of the houses, he saw a ladder leading to a door, close up to the slates of the roof. He hardly thought anybody could be living up there; but he concluded to go up and see. On reaching the door, he found it so low that he was obliged to stoop before he could enter. It was so dark that he could not see distinctly, so he called out:

'Is there anyone here?'

'Come in,' answered a feeble voice.

He entered, and found a little boy, all by himself, in that dark, wretched home. There was no bed, no furniture of any kind. Some straw and shavings, in one corner, formed the poor fellow's seat by day and his bed by night.

'Why are you here alone?' asked the kind visitor. 'Have you a father?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Have you a mother?'

'No, sir; mother's in the grave.'

'Where is your father?' Don't you want him to be with you in this dark, lonely place?'

'No, sir,' said the boy, sorrowfully. 'My father gets drunk. He used to send me out to steal, and whatever I stole he spent in drinking.'

'Does he make you do so still?'

'You see,' said the boy, 'I went to the ragged school, and I was there taught the words, "Thou shalt not steal." I was told about heaven and hell; that Jesus Christ came to save sinners; that God punishes the bad and loves the good; and then I resolved that I wouldn't steal any more. And now,' continued the little fellow, 'my father himself gets drunk; and then he gets angry at me, and is cruel to me, and beats me because I won't steal any longer.'

'Poor little boy!' said the gentleman, feeling very sorry to hear the boy's sad history. 'I pity you very much. You must feel very lonely here, all by yourself in this dark room?'

'No,' said the little fellow with a sweet smile on his face; 'I am not alone; Jesus is with me here. I don't feel lonely.'

The gentleman took out his purse and gave him some money, and promised that he would come and see him again to-morrow.

'Stop, sir,' said the little fellow, as his kind visitor was preparing to go down the ladder; 'I can sing.' And then he began, in a sweet, simple strain, to sing the beautiful hymn with which he loved to cheer his solitude:

'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Gracious God, forbid it not!
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place.'

The gentleman was so touched with the little boy's sad tale and destitute condition, that the next day he spoke about it to a kind Christian lady. She was very much interested in the case, and asked him to go with her to the place. This he at once agreed to do. Taking along a bundle of clothes which might be useful to him, they made their way together up the dark stairs of the house till they reached the ladder. Going up the steps and coming to the door, they knocked, but there was no reply. They knocked again and again, but no reply came; no voice as before, calling, 'Come in.' The gentleman opened the door and went in. There was the bed, the straw, the shavings, just as he had left them the day before. And there lay the little boy on the bed of straw—but he was dead! The body lay there, but the spirit had returned to God who gave it!—'Christian Globe.'

A Mission Girl Marries a Rajah

Dr. Watson, in his work, 'The American Mission in Egypt,' remarks: 'Again and again, when we knew not how the teachers' salaries were to be met, rents paid, and the daily bread of the mission staff secured, the Lord in his mercy raised up friends who acted as stewards in the distribution of the Lord's money committed to them. Most remarkably was this the case in connection with the marriage of Bamba, a young Egyptian girl from the Cairo Mission School, to his Highness the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, son of the renowned Runjit Singh of the Punjab. The young prince, who had been brought up in England, where he had ranked next to the Royal Family, and had been a particular favorite with our late beloved Queen, was returning to India via Egypt, when she visited the Mission School at Cairo, and first saw Bamba among the other girls. The result of that apparently chance meeting (and of his previous prayers for a Christian wife) was a happy wedding one June not long after, and the result to the mission itself was a gift of £1,000 presented by the Maharajah "as a thank-offering to the Lord," and a yearly donation of £500 continued as long as his wife lived. She died the same loving, faithful Christian as she had lived.'

The Broom-Corn Brothers.

Can't get an education, did you say, my boy? Can't go to college because you have no money? Money is not the esesntial thing in getting an education. Energy counts more than money, and thousands of boys have proved it. In the State university in Kansas, nearly one-half the students are self-supporting.

An incident in the lives of three brothers, Kansas boys, who had no money and wanted an education, is related in the 'Young People's Weekly.' Their struggle began twelve years ago, when the eldest, Frank Mahin, went to the State normal school from a south-west Kansas farm, determined to win a diploma. He was equipped with a few books, some broom-corn, and a broom-making machine, but very little money.

When he went out to hunt a boarding place, his prospective landlady asked: 'What about payment—will your father meet the bills?'

'No, ma'am,' said the country boy. 'I will, if you will take chickens, eggs and butter.'

She looked at him in astonisment. 'You do not live here—where will you get them?'

'Trade brooms for them.'

'Brooms? Where will you get brooms?'

'Make them—in the barn, if you will let me.'

It took considerable explaining before the landlady was made to understand his plan, but she did at last.

He set up his machine in the barn, and he made brooms. These he traded to the farmers for produce, and this went to his landlady for board. Week after week went by, and he met all his expenses. He did this until he completed the normal school course. He wanted to go to a medical college, but the money was needed at home, so he returned to the farm and kept his brothers in the country schools.

Those were the hard times on the prairie, and though the family raised a good crop of broom-corn the next year, it would not sell for enough to pay rent, and the landlord took it. The other boys left the public school, and all three worked hard for a year paying off a $1,200 mortgage. They studied nights and kept up with their classes.

Then the boys went back to the normal school town, and made brooms while continuing their studies. The Sante Fe railway heard of them, and gave them a large order for special-made brooms to be used by the car sweepers.

The last of the 'broom corn brothers' to make his way through school was the youngest, Melvin, who fitted up a factory in the carriage-shed at the place where he roomed, and, with another student, made brooms, working an hour or two each day. Soon after the Christmas holidays he was offered the principalship of a ward school in a growing town, and left his studies to accept it. Charles also had a good principalship, and the eldest brother is completing his work in a Southern medical college.

During the dozen years these three boys have been working their way through school, they have assisted their parents and have added eighty acres to the eighteen-acre home farm. They also rent three hundred acres more, and have established a permanent broom factory, which is earning a good return each year. They are prosperous and have the esteem of their fellows—even if sometimes their schoolmates did smile at the young broom-peddlers.

Can't go to college because you have no money? You need grit, not money. Perhaps you can't make brooms, but there are plenty of other ways in which you can earn the necessary funds. A willingness to struggle a little, to undergo hardship, to endure—that's what will make educated men and boys who have no one to pay their way through college. Perhaps it is better that they do it this way—they keep their knowledge, and use it because they earned it.—'The Sunday-school Messenger.'

Well-deserved Rebuke.

Lord Crford was once invited to become President of the Norwich Bible Society—an application from which he thought his well-known character should have exempted him. He replied:

'I have long been addicted to the gaming-table. I have lately taken to the Turf. I fear I frequently blaspheme. But I have never distributed religious tracts. All this was known to you and your society, notwithstanding which you think me a fit person to be your president. God forgive your hypocrisy.'

The rebuke was well deserved.—'Christian Herald.'

A Flag for Every School!

SEE HOW EASILY THIS SCHOOL HAS WON ITS FLAG.

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DRAWN BY JOSEPHINE BRUCE

THE MONTH OF APRIL.

THE RAIN CAME DOWN IN TORRENTS,
AND MABEL SAID, "O DEAR!
I'LL HAVE TO WEAR MY WATERPROOF,
AND RUBBERS, TOO, I FEAR"

SO, CAREFULLY PROTECTED,
SHE STARTED OFF TO SCHOOL;
WHEN SUDDENLY THE SUN CAME OUT
AND CHUCKLED, "APRIL FOOL!"

CAROLYN WELLS

'Youth's Companion.'

Weighing The Baby.

Starr was the outgrown baby now; there was a new baby in the nursery—a very, very new one. He was so new that Starr was sure he could not feel much acquainted yet with anybody, and that was why he cried so often.

'He's kind of homesick, I guess,' Starr said. 'Course he cries! I cried that time I was at my grandfather's 'thout my mother. Folks always cry when they're homesick.'

There were so many beautiful things about that new baby! Starr haunted the nursery all day long, to make sure of not missing any of them. He watched Nurse Mary wash and dress the baby every morning in front of the open fire. That was the most beautiful thing of all! Such round, dimply little elbows and knees! Such curly, curly little legs! Such a soft little fuzz on the small, round head that Nurse Mary insisted was hair!

Every week they weighed the new baby, and every week he had gained about half a pound. It surprised Starr a little, and made him rather uncertain about the homesick theory.

'I didn't gain half-pounds when I was homesick,' he reflected. 'I got just as unfat, an' he keeps a-gettin' fatter! Maybe that isn't the reason he cries.'

The eighth week the new baby weighed fifteen pounds, and Starr was very proud indeed—as proud, Nurse Mary said, as if he weighed fifteen pounds himself. He got his slate and pencil and 'reduced' the fifteen pounds to ounces, to make it sound still more splendid. Starr was 'in' denominative numbers now, in his 'rithmetic, so he could do a little sum like that as easy as anything.

'One hundred 'n' eighty,' he announced, looking up from his slate. Then he hurried back to the nursery to tell Nurse Mary.

'The baby weighs a hundred 'n' eighty ounces' he said triumphantly; 'twelve times fifteen, you know—that's the way you do it. There's twelve ounces in a pou—'

'Twelve,' exclaimed Nurse Mary in surprise; 'I thought in my time sixteen ounces made a pound.'

'Avoirdupois weight,' Starr said, looking scornful; 'but the baby's Troy weight.'

'Troy weight?' Nurse Mary looked up over the new baby's little bald head in more surprise still. The scorn on Starr's face grew and grew till it covered up all his little gold-brown freckles.

'Course, Troy weight!' he cried. 'I hope you don't s'pose we'd weigh the baby avoirdupois, same as coal and flour and—and butter! It's Troy weight you weigh precious things by—gold and silver and di'monds—and the baby.' And Starr dropped a kiss into the little, warm, sweet well of the baby's neck.—'Sunday-school Visitor.'

My Temper.

I have a little temper;
'Tis like my pony gray—
Unless I watch it closely,
It tries to get away,

And rear and kick and trample
On all who near it stand;
And so I try to curb it,
And hold it well in hand.

No good to use a snaffle;
I keep a tight curb rein,
And speak to it quite gently—
Yet sometimes all in vain.

It is so much the stronger,
It gets away from me;
But I will be its master
Some day, as you shall see!

—'Cleveland Plaindealer.'

Frogs at Church.

(By Ruth Cowgill, in 'American Mother.')

Down by the creek live a great many frogs. At night you can hear them singing and talking at a great rate. Sometimes it is the mother-frog, crooning a low, sleepy lullaby to her baby-frog; sometimes it is a handsome young frog serenading his lady-love; sometimes it is the father-frog, croaking a merry work-song, as he goes out to find a living for his family; and once in a while, you hear the doleful song of some old frog who has the blues.

Once a wise old owl heard them all singing at once, so he thought he would go near enough to see what was going on. When he reached the spot, he saw something that no one else has ever seen. It was the frogs at church. And who,

do you suppose, was the preacher? It was a jack-in-the-pulpit, standing up stiff and solemn in his fine, green pulpit, while the frogs sat around on the toad-stools. The gnats were the choir, though you could hardly hear them sing, for the frogs sang so loudly. A funny granddaddy-longlegs was the chorister, moving one of his long antennæ up and down to mark the time of the music. And guess what furnished the light for the church—just bright little fireflies.

The owl sat perched in the tree, high above them, looking down at them out of his great, wise-looking eyes. He could see everything around there much better than the frogs, and after a while he thought he saw something moving slyly in the tall brush at the side of the frogs' church. He wondered who it could be, so he called out loudly, 'Who-oo? Who-oo? Who-oo?'

Then the old lady frogs began to feel uneasy. 'Did you hear that strange sound?' whispered one old lady frog to another.

'Yes, indeed,' answered the other, hoarsely, 'it made me think of my dear children whom I left at home. I think I shall go at once to see about them.' And she hopped hastily away.

'Who-oo? Who-oo? Who-oo?' asked the owl more loudly than ever.

This frightened the good frogs so much that they did not wait for the sermon at all, but they all hopped excitedly away.

And it was well that they did, for a little black dog came rushing out after them, barking and yelping fiercely enough to scare a poor frog to death. But he found nothing there but the preacher standing straight and solemn in his place, and he growled and barked discontentedly to himself; for he would not harm a jack-in-the-pulpit, of course. As he stood there growling and snarling, the owl looked down at him, and said once more, 'Who-oo are you-oo? Who-oo are you-oo-oo?'

And the dog felt frightened—I think his conscience hurt him—and he turned and ran home as fast as he could go, and never came to frog's church again.

But the owl came often, and sat on the branch, watching for dangers to the good frogs, and saving them from many a danger. But they never knew what a good friend he was. but always hastened away when they heard his melancholy voice, asking, 'Who-oo? Who-oo-oo?'

Little Bob Stood the Test.

The 'Blue Line' stopped at the corner, says a writer in 'Youth's Companion,' and an anxious-looking young woman put a small boy inside.

'Now, Bob,' said his mother, 'don't lose that note I gave you, don't take it out of your pocket at all.'

'No'm,' said the little man, looking wistfully after his mother as the conductor pulled the strap, the driver unscrewed the brake, and the horses, shaking their bells, trotted off with the car.

'What's your name, Bob?' asked a mischievous-looking young man sitting beside him.

'Robert Cullen Deems,' he answered.

'Where are you going?'

'To my grandma's.'

'Let me see that note in your pocket.'

The look of innocent surprise in the round face ought to have shamed the baby's tormentor, but he only said again, 'Let me see it.'

'I tan't,' said Robert Cullen Deems.

'See here, if you don't, I'll scare the horses and make them run away.'

The little boy cast an apprehensive look at the horses, but shook his head.

'Here, Bob, I'll give you this peach if you'll pull that note halfway out of your pocket.'

The boy did not reply, but some of the older people looked angry.

'I say, chum, I'll give you this whole bag of peaches if you will just show me the corner of your note,' said the tempter. The child turned away, as if he did not wish to hear any more, but the young man opened the bag and held it just where he could see and smell the luscious fruit.

A look of distress came into the sweet little face; I believe Bob was afraid to trust himself, and when a man left his seat at the other end to get off the car, the little boy slid quickly down, left the temptation behind, and slid quickly into the vacant place.

A pair of prettily-gloved hands began almost unconsciously to clap, and then everybody clapped and applauded until it might have alarmed Bob, if a young lady sitting by had not slipped her arm around him, and said, with a sweet glow on her face: 'Tell your mamma that we all congratulate her upon having a little man strong enough to resist temptation, and wise enough to run away from it.'

I doubt if that long message ever reached Bob's mother, but no matter, the note got to his grandmother without ever coming out of his pocket.—'The Presbyterian.'

Nellie's Gift.

On a Winter day, Nellie Long stood at the top of an icy hill, wistfully looking at the children slide down on their bright sleds.

It was so cold that she shivered and shook, and the tears that would come into her eyes froze on her cheeks to tiny cakes of ice. Just think, she was five years old and she had never been on a sled! Why was it that other girls could have so many nice things and do whatever they liked, and she never could, she wondered sadly.

Suddenly a little girl with cheeks like two red roses and eyes like two bright stars, came dancing up to her,

'How do, beggar-girl!' she said, gayly.

'I'm not a beggar!' replied Nellie, indignantly.

'I don't mean any harm,' said the other. 'Don't you want to slide down hill with me?'

'Oh—oh—I guess you're making fun!' gasped Nellie.

'No, I ain't. Come, if you want to,' said the beautiful little stranger.

'Oh--oh—oh!' gasped Nellie again, and in another minute she was on that wonderful thing, a sled, dashing over the ground, with the wind roaring in her face, and the snow flying up about her.

'I'm just too happy to live!' she cried, when they reached the bottom.

'Come on and slide down again,' said May, to her new acquaintance.

(To be continued.)

LESSON II.—APRIL 9.

The Raising of Lazarus.

John xi., 32-45.

Golden Text.

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life. John xi., 25.

Commit verses 33-36.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 3.—John xi., 32-45.
Tuesday, April 4.—John xi., 20-31.
Wednesday, April 5.—Luke vii., 11-23.
Thursday, April 6.—I. Kings xvii., 15-24.
Friday, April 7.—II. Kings iv., 18-20, 30-37.
Saturday, April 8.—Acts ix., 36-43.
Sunday, April 9.—Acts xx., 7-12.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The white walls of a villa peer through the thick foliage of the olives on the eastern slope of Olivet. It is the home of comfort and love, but deeply shadowed now. Out of that courtyard lately came a funeral train. The body, carried on a bier, was swathed in linen bands. There were the discordant notes of flutes and hired wailers. The director had thrice halted the procession to comfort the mourners. An egg had been broken—sign of mortality, and Moses' psalm chanted, and the body laid on the rocky shelf in the grotto. The stone had been rolled across the mouth of the sepulchre, and all whitened to remind the inadvertent not to approach within four cubits on penalty of ceremonial defilement.

The saddest part of it, the return, had been accomplished. During the absence of the mourners assiduous hands had overturned the couches and strewn broken pottery about to symbolize distraction. The sisters sit now with veiled faces and dust upon their heads and unsandled feet, break their fast with only egg and lentils, while throngs pay their stiff visits of condolence. Every casual word the bereaved sisters speak makes a mournful refrain. Every time they steal away to the tomb to weep they are persistently followed by those who make merchandise of their condolence. In this instance, as in most, there is that ever-recurring 'if.' If so and so, our brother would not have died. That 'if' is a very inquisitor's instrument.

The fourth day had come—that fatal fourth day after death—when, according to Jewish notion, the spirit which until then hovers about the corpse, sees the signs of decay in the face, and takes its final departure. Only then did Jesus come. This delay was not, however, at the expense of Lazarus and his sisters. The spiritual gains to them were incalculable. At the same time it gave Jesus opportunity to work his transcendent miracle.

Martha goes impetuously to meet the Master and utters her plaintive 'if.' Her faith sweeps out to embrace the hope of her brother's immediate restoration. But when Jesus seems to confirm the hope it as quickly recedes. We can forgive Martha that, since it drew from the Saviour's lips that majestic affirmation which has heartened the dying and bereaved in every generation since. Now Mary summoned, comes with stronger, though unexpressed, faith. She is followed by her guests of condolence. Thus the miracle is furnished with witnesses certainly not prejudiced in favor of the Worker.

A great surge of sorrow breaks upon Jesus' heart, in the effort to control which he shakes and groans. It gives place to tenderest sympathy for the bereaved and that great company of mourners they represent in each succeeding age. His tears cause favorable remark. But a discordant note is also struck by those who wish to discount the recent miracle in Jerusalem by Jesus' failure to avert this event. Martha's faith also shrinks back as she protests against uncovering the putrescence of the tomb; but Jesus encourages her to believe and see the glory of God.

When the stone is rolled away, Jesus, with uplifted eyes, joyously acknowledges the assurance he has received that what he is about to do meets with the Father's approval. Both prayer and miracle are designed to quicken the faith of those who hear and see.

Then he, who is both Life and Resurrection, in a voice of indisputable authority, bids the sleeper awake. He speaks and it is done. Lazarus 'stands forth fresh and free without a taint upon him of the chill and horrors of the tomb.'

LIGHTS ON THE LESSON.

The eleventh chapter of John is not surpassed in pictorialness. Sixty years after the evangelist had no difficulty in reproducing the scene from the negative plate of memory.

Love caused delay. 'Jesus loved. Therefore when he heard he abode two days still.' Rushing to the rescue is not always the kindest act, though it may be harder to stand off and see the suffering. Great were the gains to Lazarus and his sisters of this apparent loss.

The inefficiency of human sources of comfort is well shown by the mourners 'for revenue' and the condolence visitors in the home at Bethany.

The resurrection and immortal life are not far-off abstractions. They are concreted in an immanent Christ. Those who are joined to him, whether dead or living (as we use the words), live (in the higher meaning which Jesus has put into the Word). The dead in Christ have not lost the living can not lose this immortal life. He that hath the Son hath life.

Jesus here, as his custom was, associated others with him in the working of the miracle. Human hands did all they could. They rolled away the stone and unwound the cerements. Men can be co-workers with God in spiritual resurrections to-day.

In this transcendent scene Jesus is the commanding figure. Calm, deliberate, majestic, he stands the conscious victor over death, hades, and the grave. Jesus' self was greater than his deed.

This was Jesus' climacteric miracle. It inspired the ovation of the 'triumphal entrance,' and prompted Mary to anoint Jesus. It also set hell on fire to compass his death.

NOTES FROM COMMENTARIES.

As the man who had been blind promised Jesus beforehand that he would believe on the Son of God, because he more than suspected Jesus to be He, so do such souls as Peter's and Martha's believe (in their several ways) beforehand in that eternal life of which the words of Jesus speak, without comprehending all at once the when, the where, the how, or the secrets of God's power in the resurrection.—Stier. Groaned in spirit: The tears of Mary acting sympathetically upon Jesus and drawing forth his emotions.—J. F. B. Was troubled: troubled himself: Referring to this visible difficulty of repressing his emotions.—J. F. B. Jesus wept: What a seal of his perfect oneness with us!—J. F. B. It is abolishing one of the finest traits of Jesus' character to say that he wept here because of sin and its consequences. Humanity, unadulterated as Jesus had it is generous and sympathetic.—Clark. Could not this man: They maliciously considered Jesus' tears as proof of his weakness.—Ibid. How he loved him: The human softness of the Son of God.—J. F. B. Could not this man: Betokens a measure of suspicion; disposition to dictate to Divine power.—J. F. B. Take away the stone: Forbidden to open a grave after the stone was placed upon it.—Talmud. Sister of the dead: As such the guardian of the remains. Dead four days: To such fluctuations all real faith is subject in dark hours.—J. F. B. I thank Thee. Instead of praying he gives thanks for answer to prayer offered before he left Perea.—J. F. B. Loose him: The life-giving act alone he reserves to himself.—J. F. B. The people which stand by: There stood collective humanity waiting in spirit at the grave of Lazarus; and the grave question whether God would or would not hear his only begotten, whether he would authenticate or desert the work of Christ; whether he would confirm or bring to naught his once-uttered word, must here be decided.—Haustein.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 9.—Topic—What does Christ's life show us about the Father? John xiv., 6-24.

Junior C. E. Topic.

NADAB AND ABIHU.

Monday, April 3.—The altar of incense. Ex. xxx., 1-6.

Tuesday, April 4.—The fire on the altar. Ex. xxx., 8-10.

Wednesday, April 5.—Disobedience. Lev. x., 1.

Thursday, April 6.—Do not drink wine. Lev. x., 9.

Friday, April 7.—'Not given to wine.' Tit. i., 7, 8.

Saturday, April 8.—'Nor to drink wine.' Rom. xiv., 17-21.

Sunday, April 9.—Topic—The story of Nadab and Abihu. Lev. x., 1-10. (Temperance meeting.)

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Crisis in Canada—Separate School Question Again Agitated—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Recede, Australia!—'The Outlook,' London.
The Infinite Street—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
An Opinion from the Far East—The New York 'Sun.'
Mukden—The Most Sacred City of the Chinese Empire—The New York 'Times.'
Count Okuma Sees in Mr. Chamberlain's Policy a Great Reform—A Letter to the Editor of the Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Future of India—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
What's Meant by a Freight Rate—Some Railway Definitions—The Springfield 'Republican.'
Carnegie in Joking Mood—The New York 'Sun.'
'The Chartist'—By A.C.S., in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
Spring Cleaning—By P.W.W., in the 'Daily News.'
Too Old at Forty—Dr. Osler's Little Joke—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Father of Classical Music—The 'Musical News,' London.
Durer—The 'Tribune,' New York.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Wintry Weather—Sonnet, by David Gray.
Lent—Poem, by Susan Coolidge.
The Riddle of Ubique—By the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, in the 'Independent,' New York.
A Pilgrim's Story—The Journey to Mecca, Described by a Mahometan—The New York 'Tribune.'
'Uncle Tom' as the Pious Jew—Mrs. Stowe's Book in Yiddish, by Bertha Wiernik, in the 'New Era.'
Mrs. Ward's New Book—'The Marriage of William Ashe'—Reviewed by M. Gordon Pryor Rice, in the New York 'Times Book Review.'
Ohlyesa's Book of 'Red Hunters'—The Springfield 'Republican.'
Mr. George Meredith and Women—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

What Manual Training Is—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
The New President of the Society of Psychical Research—The 'Westminster Gazette.'
The New French—The 'Daily Mail,' London.
The Solar Pot-a-Boiling, Discussed by Professors Jacoby and Poor—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Science Notes.

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

PASSING EVENTS.

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Parable of Talents.

(Richard Chenevix Trench.)

There went a man from home; and to his neighbors twain
He gave to keep for him two sacks of golden grain.
Deep in his cellar one the precious charge concealed;
And forth the other went and strewed it in the field.
The man returns at last—asks of the first his sack;
'Here, take it; 'tis the same; thou hast it safely back.'
Unharmed it shows without, but when he would explore
His sack's recesses, corn there finds he now no more;
One-half of all therein proves rotten and decayed,
Upon the other half have worms and mildew preyed.
The putrid heap to him in ire he doth return;
And of the other asks, 'Where is my sack of corn?'
Who answered, 'Come with me, behold how it has sped,'
And took and showed him fields where waving harvests spread.
Then cheerfully the man laughed out and cried, 'This one
Had sight, to make up for the other that had none;
The letter he observed, but thou the precept's sense;
And thus to thee and me shall profit grow from thence.
In harvest thou shalt fill two sacks for me,
The residue of right remains in full for thee.'

Come in and Look!

YOU WILL NOT BE EXPECTED TO BUY.

(Josiah W. Leeds, in the 'National Advocate.")

In the front store-window of a dealer in wines and other intoxicating drinks, I several times noticed during the past winter placards displayed, upon which were lettered the words which form the caption of this article: 'Come in and look! You will not be expected to buy!' How like in sentiment and accordant in rhyme, I thought, to the familiar ditty of my childhood. 'Will you walk into my parlor, said the spider to the fly?'

With no inclination whatever to accept the invitation to enter this death-trap, I could nevertheless, in imagination, look around upon its brave array of bottles of wine and demijohns of whiskey, its flasks of gin and casks of brewed liquors, and readily picture some scenes, which, although inseparably linked to this traffic, I am sure that the dealer would have been altogether unwilling to have enacted right there in his presence.

Thus, I could bring before him the young washerwoman, who, with a babe at her breast, and with a second little one just able to walk, beside her, was at work at my house only yesterday. It might have been well had this greatly wronged woman stood in his presence, where he too could have seen her weep bitter tears, whilst she told how her husband had broken against his good resolve—had spent all his week's wages for the hateful liquor—had lost an excellent place, and finally, overcome with remorse at his folly, had utterly deserted her and her children.

Had the tears and woeful tale of this woman made no impression upon the respectable dealer in rum cordials, there might have been brought before him—were it not that she had lately been silenced by drink—another one of whom I had knowledge, who earned a livelihood by washing. Most faithful and hard-working was she in her sober moments, but constant was her craving for alcohol, and dreadful to hear were her jeerings and imprecations when it mastered her. Overcome by the habit, she had at last died miserable in the forlorn room of the tenement where she lodged. The writer, being called to the spot, beheld a loathsome object, such as he hoped never again to see; yet, had he accepted the invitation of the rumseller to 'come in and look' upon those demijohns of whiskey in the warehouse referred to, visions of desolation very like this must have risen to view.

Again: I might have brought—I could bring now—into the presence of this dealer, a terribly besotted and bloated creature, made so by the same maddening poison as is drawn from those casks. If there should come with him, at the same time, the two elder sons who are following hard in their father's steps to ruin, and the nine other children—which would include the jabbering idiot boy and the baby—and, finally, the mother herself, to tell of her husband's nearly continuous drunken or half-drunken condition, his frequent ravings and foamings as he dashes the scanty furniture about and no one is safe in his presence, his threatenings to kill her with the knife which he uses in his shoemaker's craft, and of her being driven screaming into the street even at midnight, in the depths of winter and with a single garment upon her, I think, perhaps, the owner of the casks and demijohns might be convinced of the reality of the suffering, though he might still make denial of the iniquity of the traffic by which he thrives.

I have here simply spoken of three cases of the drink evil, happening, within a stone's throw of each other.

Almost every one who reads these lines can cite somewhat similar instances; whilst the cases which daily come before our courts will furnish many others, of the harrowing details of which the swiftest pen could not take full account. Yet are we assured that none of these things are unrecorded in 'the book of remembrance,' none forgotten by him who heareth the cry of all his creatures. Would that all who accede to the alluring invitation to 'Come in and look,' who look acquiescingly 'upon the wine when it is red,' would consider the deadly peril of that adder's sting, ('at the last it stingeth like an adder'), which is likely to assail them, remembering that drunkards and the conscious makers of drunkards have no inheritance with those who 'may enter in through the gates into the city.' Still, to the tempted, the weary, and the heavy-laden, is ever extended the invitation, with its promise of eternal rest: 'Let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' No deception nor double-dealing here. The word is come and freely take, for assuredly you will not be expected to buy.

Is There no Hope?

Ha!—dash to the earth the poison bowl
And seek it not again—
It hath a madness for the soul—
A scorching for the brain.
The curses and the plagues of hell
Are flashing on its brim—
Woe to the victim of its spell;
There is no hope for him.
—John G. Whittier.

'He is our hope.' I. Tim. i., 1.

'All things are possible to him that believeth.' Mark ix., 23.

The Lesson of the Baltimore Fire.

That was a significant occurrence during the Baltimore fire, when for a week the police compelled every saloon in the city to close its doors. What greater testimonial could have been given to the harm of the saloon? Of all the myriad business interests in that great metropolis of the South, only saloons were signalled out as an institution of danger in those distressing times. If the saloon cannot be tolerated in times of calamity, why mar the times of peace and prosperity, by authorizing its existence?—'The Citizen.'

Work-Drunkenness.

Under the above title, a correspondent of the 'Australian Christian World' writes as follows:

'More than forty years observance convinces me that overwork is a common cause of physical drunkenness, especially among the talented and skilled. I have known many professional and business men and also artisans, remarkable for efficiency, who by overwork, became degraded drunkards through the frequent use of alcohol to relieve exhaustion. I knew one especially gifted who would refuse during the day repeated invitations to drink with gentlemen, but exhausted by overwork, would end the day intoxicated with employees he despised. I urged him to work less, and a leading physician gave him like advice, but he said he could not, and certainly he did not.'

Such a case as this raises the whole question as to whether it is ever wise, ever our duty, to reduce the physical system to such a complete state of collapse, as takes away the power of resisting the craving that comes for any short cut to the upper level again. Those who do this surely open the door to evils that are often not easily dismissed, and merely court sorrow for those in whose interests they first spent themselves.

What Will he Think of Our Land?

An immigrant who landed in Montreal because of 'slack times' in Glasgow, said, 'I am bound to say that much of the misery which is seen in Glasgow is due to whiskey. Why, some men work there for no other purpose, it would appear, than to spend all their money in drink.—'Canadian Royal Templar.'

The year's consumption of tobacco in the United States alone, according to statistics, includes seven billions of cigars, ten billions of cigarettes, and two hundred and eighty millions of pounds of manufactured tobacco. The one item of smoking and chewing tobacco, exclusive of cigars, cigarettes and snuff, registers an annual over-all value of more than $500,000,000. In addition, England smokes six billions, Japan three billions, and China one and one-half billions, of cigarettes every twelvemonth. This outside cigarette-puffing burns up forty-five millions of pounds of tobacco and puts about $4,000,000 into the bank account of the American grower, giving the giant balance to the Trust.

A Failure.

Marrying drunkards to reform them still goes on, in spite of the practically universal failure of the hazardous experiment. The soberest and noblest man is none too good to become the husband of a true woman; and she who wastes her womanhood on a drinking man makes an outrageous failure of a vast investment.—Exchange.

Liquor Worse Than War.

During the last thirty years there died in Europe alone of alcoholism a total of 7,500,000 people. That is more people than were killed in all the wars of the nineteenth century. The authority for these statements is a professor in the University of Denmark, who goes on to show that in Denmark one out of every seven men who die between the ages 35 and 55 is a victim of alcoholism.—'C. E. World.'

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PICTORIAL TESTAMENT A handsome pictorial New Testament just published, neatly bound in leather, gilt edge Given for four new subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, or six renewals at forty cents each.

Correspondence

OUR BIRTHDAY BOOK.

MARCH.

1.
Thou shalt rejoice before the Lord thy God. Deut. xii., 18.
Lulu M. Cullough.

4.
Christ in you the hope of glory. Col. i., 27.
William A. Hallamne, Harry Boniface.

5.
Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. Heb. xii., 14. C. G. M.

9.
God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you. Eph. iv., 32.
Elsie C. S.

10.
The Lord will be the hope of his people. Joel iii., 16. Harold Woods.

13.
Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercy. Ps. ciii., 4.
Nellie P. (age 9), Argyle P. Hallamne.

14.
Always abounding in the work of the Lord. I. Cor. xv., 58.
Morrell Macrae Mackenzie.

16.
Mercy shall compass him about. Ps. xxxii., 10. Fanny McFarlane.

17.
He leadeth me beside the still waters. Ps. xxxiii., 2. Howe Fillmore.

18.
Walk worthy of the Lord. Col. i., 10.
Elizabeth Alice McGibbon.

19.
The trying of your faith worketh patience. Jas .i., 3.
Marguerite D., Myra K. M.

20.
Ye serve the Lord Christ. Col. iii., 24.
Irene A. Hoopen.

24.
Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another. Eph. iv., 32.
Helen M. S., Kathleen Dimock.

25.
In all things willing to live honestly. Heb. xiii., 18.
Ella Gesima Good, Vera Blanche.

26.
Be ye doers of the Word. Jas i., 22.
Wimban Hallamne.

28.
We are made partakers of Christ. Heb. iii., 14. 'Mack.'

OUR PICTURES.

Dear Boys and Girls,—Let us study the pictures we have this week. In one we see two girls making an apple pie. It would be interesting to know if they were expert little cooks who regularly saved mother the extra worry of the kitchen, or if they were busy school-girls making the Sunday apple pie on Saturday morning to surprise mother when she came in from shopping.

But a picture cannot tell everything, and it cannot tell us what the pictures in the girls' mind may be of those who shall sit down at the table and enjoy it. But 'there's many a slip t'wixt the cup and the lip;' let us hope that before the meal-hour arrives Mary, if we may call the girl peeling apples by that name, will not have cut her fingers, nor Libbie let the table collapse beneath the weight of the roller. This picture looks as if it might have been drawn from life; that is one very good point. We wish the artist had told us something about the people in this interesting picture.

Here you see is a boy, let us call him Robert or Thomas, if you like. He has a ball and a stick which might serve as a bat, if it were broader. What he is doing with a stick and a ball, or if he just picked them up to have his picture taken with them, we don't know. But we are sure from the look of his cheeks that he will before long find an empty paper bag, blow it full of air, and startle his sister by dealing it suddenly a forceful blow.

Here, again, is the kindly wolf you have all read about in that delightful tale called 'Red Riding Hood.'

That little girl may be Goldie-locks, if her hair is really yellow.

You will see here a design for an advertisement. You write the name of the soap or brown bread you make or sell where you can find room, and tell the public it is a first quality brand, and that they cannot afford to do without it.

Now for the animals. We like animals drawn from nature, but we sometimes feel glad pictures of horses (for instance) do not have to walk like real horses, because they would find it so difficult, you know, with any of their legs the shape of a table leg.

It is very interesting to draw different kinds of birds, though you may only have begun to draw them when they think they would enjoy a fly a few yards off. Spring is coming, and with it the birds. Keep your sketch-book and pencil by you. Your loving friend,

THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

Blair, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Enclosed you will find five drawings, drawn by five pupils of the fourth

class. We hope to see them reprinted in the 'Messenger' as soon as possible.

ISAIAH K. (age 14), CLARENCE R. (age 15), HARRY S. K. (age 15), WESLEY S. (age 14), MAXWELL B. age 14).

Kimberley, Ont.

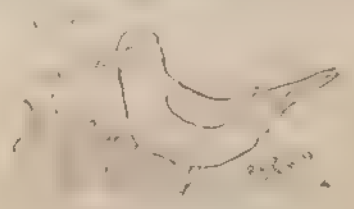
Dear Editor,—I live on a farm on the banks of the Beaver river. The river is not very wide, but we have good fun fishing and bathing in the summer time. On the east side of us there is a large rock and also on the west. The latter we have to climb to reach our nearest station, Markdale. We live about half a mile from the little village of Kimberley. This fall we got a telephone line through here. In one 'Messenger' some one asked where the longest and shortest verses in the Bible were to be found. The shortest is found in St. John xi., 35. The longest is found in Esther viii, 9. There are two books in which the name God is not mentioned. They are Esther and the Songs of Solomon. Who can tell what verse in the Bible has all the letters but 'j'? There are two chapters in the Bible alike; who can tell where they are? I go to school, and am in the fourth class. I am thirteen years old. E. L. M.

M'Lean, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the 'Messenger' for over a year, and like it very much. I have four brothers, but no sister. We take the 'Family Herald' and 'Monoton 'Times,' and an American paper called the 'Good Literature'; but I like the 'Messenger' best. I read what you said about the two balls of wool, and I think the camparison is splendid, and I like the Temperance Page very much. I see quite a few letters in the 'Messenger' referring to literature. I like Annie S. Swan's writings. I have read 'Mistaken; or, Marion Forsyth,' and some others, and I think them lovely. We had a heavy snowstorm here lately, but the sun has melted it all now. MAMIE A.

Fredericton, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am sending you a sample of my drawing. I am learning to be an artist. I



would like to see my drawing in the 'Messenger.' RALPH H. E. (age 12).

Cisne, Ill., U.S.A.

Dear Editor,—As I am renewing my subscription, I thought I would write a letter to your valuable paper, the 'Messenger.' I did think once I would not take it next year, but concluded that I could not do without it. Christmas has come and gone again, and I hope that all the boys and girls enjoyed themselves very much. I for one did, and I think I should, for we had a nice Christmas tree at the church and also one at home. At the close of our entertainment Santa Claus paid us a visit and each Sunday-school scholar received a nice treat, which consisted of about half a pound of candy and an orange. Of course Santa Claus came to our house and left each of us a nice Christmas toy. I am going to school now, and like my teacher very much. Our teacher gave all of his scholars a nice treat of candy and oranges. School is half out, and I have just missed three and one-half days. There were several answers to my question about the Book of Esther. I will ask you another question and see how many will answer. This is it: 'What man took one hundred prophets and hid them by fifties in a cave, and who did he hide them from?' We have had some pretty cold weather. I think I had better close for this time, as I think my letter is long enough.

MINNIE E. M.

Harvey Station, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy six years old, and have not been to school, so I am getting my sister to write this letter for me. I live on a farm of two hundred acres lying along the shore of Big Cranberry Lake. The lake is about four miles long and two miles wide. Our home is one half mile from Harvey Station, which is quite a pretty village, containing, besides the dwelling houses, three stores, post-office, church, hotel, hall, and blacksmith shop. I have two sisters and a brother. One of my sisters is attending the Normal School at Eton and the other one is at home, and my brother is working in the lumber woods. My father takes the Montreal 'Witness' and my sister the 'Messenger,' and they think they are nice papers. I have one grandpa and one grandma living. They came to this country from England, and were among the first settlers in this place. They had to endure many hardships, sometimes having to walk twenty-five miles on a path through the woods to the nearest town for their supplies. Santa Claus brought me a toy train this last Christmas. I have a dog named Topsy and two cats named Tommy and Jennie. OSWALD G.

Nemel, Albert Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am sending two pictures to the 'Messenger,' one of my own and one of

my brother's. I would like to see them in the 'Messenger.' I do not take the 'Messenger,' but my Aunt does. I like to read the Correspondence, also to see the pictures.

MINNIE N (age 10).

HOUSEHOLD.

A Vision.

She slipped across the doorstep,
A being of light and bloom,
Bright as the noonday whiteness
That flooded my quiet room.
Slim and rosy and dimpled
She stood beside the door,
And I looked and greatly wondered
Had I seen the child before.

Back in my heart's far corner
A faint sweet fragrance stirred,
As the little one kept gazing,
Saying never a word.
Her eyes were blue as heaven,
Sun-tinted was her hair,
Quaint as an old-time picture
She stood, and blossom fair.

A little red frock was on her,
An apron white and frilled.
I sprang from my chair to greet her,
My soul with ardor thrilled.
But lo! the vision vanished,
I looked through empty space,
Where the doorway had been shining
In the beauty of her face.

Then swiftly I remembered—
Though many a mile and long
Has been the path I've travelled
From the land of morning song—
That little red frock and apron,
Those fearless eyes, were mine,
When childhood's rare enchantment
Made common things divine.

'Tis a far cry to the garden
Where the Eden roses blow;
But if we have had its freedom
In the beautiful long ago,
Still, with the Lord of angels
Of our lives the angels talk,
Still, with the Lord of angels
There are days when we fearless walk.

Lost on the world's wide desert,
Shall I find the child again?
Is she somewhere safe and waiting
Beyond the world of men?
When I reach life's latest way-mark,
And face life's latest day,
Shall the eyes I lift to heaven
Be brave as a child's at play?

—Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Interior.'

Housework an Aid to Health.

Among the many appliances which are used to assist women to health and beauty, has anybody lately suggested the rolling-pin and the kneading-bowl, the pastry-board, the broom, the bed, that must be made in the morning with windows wide open and fresh air streaming in from outside? Physical development is sought by the narrow chested, short-breathed, pallid woman, as a necessity if she is to grow strong and vigorous, but she cannot always afford to pay for exercises in the gymnasium, for teachers, and for other details that enter into this study. But the poorest woman has a home that she may keep clean and tidy, sweeping, dusting, scrubbing and polishing it till it shines. While doing this, she brings into healthful play the muscles of the back, arms, legs and feet. She expands her lungs, and though she grows tired, the fatigue is of the sort that induces wholesome sleep.

We constantly hear complaints on all sides of the inefficiency and incompetence of domestic help. Suppose we try for a time to be independent of this aid? There are usually women who may be obtained by the day to lighten the burden of the hardest labor, and should mother and daughters personally undertake the rest, they would gain in flesh, color, and in strength, lose nervousness and have the great satisfaction of seeing their closets in order, their houses immaculate, and their food daintily and beautifully prepared.

Take, for example, the everyday task of bed making. The woman who knows how, pulls her bed wholly apart each morning and thoroughly airs sheets, pillow-slips and mattress before she makes the bed again. She spreads her sheets evenly, tucking the under sheet firmly in at the top of the bed, and as firmly tucking the upper sheet in at the bottom. Her blanket is so doubled at the foot of the bed, that when necessary half of it may be thrown down, and the other half retained by the slumberer. No creases or lumps or crooked places are visible in a properly made bed. The lifting of a mattress, the spreading of sheets and quilts, and every step of the whole process, tend in the direction of beauty and hygiene.

'But,' exclaims Miss Ruby, the lily-white maiden whose fair complexion and soft hands are her fond mother's pride, 'am I to ruin my hands and spoil my skin over a range and a dish pan?'

Not necessarily, my dear. Rubber gloves worn when the hands must be plunged into hot soap suds will effectually protect them from injury, and a mop is as useful as a dish-cloth in cleansing pots and pans. A girl is right in caring for her hands, though she is weak, if she spends so much thought on them that she does not spare her mother, who, after all, has the best right to the hand that is soft, white and rested. I am sure that work over a range need ruin no one's delicacy of skin, if she take ordinary precautions. She who is heated over her cakes and pies, must not incautiously seat herself in the full draught of a window. A sudden check of perspiration

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For the convenience of the remitter the following blank may be filled in and wrapped around the dollar bill.

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Please find enclosed the sum of one dollar, for which please send me

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The Weekly Witness for ——— months,
World Wide for ——— months,
The Northern Messenger for ——— months,

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The most serviceable and keen

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Just for selling one dozen copies of our new century publication, 'World Wide', at 5 cents each. A fifty cent certificate accompanies each copy. Sells at sight to the best people in each community. It is the cheapest and best of its kind.

This is a regular Man's Jack Knife, and any boy who gets it will have something to be proud of. Ask by post card for one dozen copies of 'World Wide,' and they will be sent immediately.

Elmside, Que., March 13, 1905

Dear Sirs,—I received the Jack Knife. Many thanks for it. It is a fine knife, well worth one day's work. Yours truly,
STANLEY GRANT.

Wallace H. Black, of St. Louis Station, Quebec, says: I sold all the papers between home and the school I attend, which is about a mile distant, and those whom I called seemed pleased to get a copy.

may cause a disagreeable skin eruption, not easily cured.

Hundreds of women fail to realize that the constant use of a fine toilet soap—not a cheap variety—but a really good face soap which cannot be very inexpensive, will preserve the delicate beauty of the skin to the last day of life. The face should be thoroughly cleansed before going to bed at night with warm water and a lather of soap; this should be well rinsed off, first with tepid and then with cold water, and wiped dry with a soft towel. If one is obliged to be more or less over a gridiron, a frying-pan or an oven, she should take extra pains to keep grease and heat from injuring her skin, and this is the best way to take them known to me.

Do not shun housework. To a moderate degree, it is woman's best security against an early physical break-down.—'The Christian Intelligencer.'

The House and the Home.

'Lucy has a mother,' said a little girl, explaining why she thought her young companion's home so much happier than her own.

'But,' observed an older friend who did not consider the mother in question a model in housekeeping or management, 'but, my dear, your house is much nicer than hers; things are never tossed about as they are at Lucy's. Mrs. A. always keeps you prettily dressed, and everything in nice order, and she takes such good care of you when you are sick.'

'Yes, I know,' assented the hungry little heart. 'Our rooms and our clothes look nicer, and we have better dinners. Mrs. A. always takes care about my not getting my feet wet, and having a flannel round my throat when it's sore. She never speaks so quickly as Lucy's mother does sometimes, and she's always trying to do just what's right. But Lucy's mother loves her—she loves her!'

And that made all the difference between a real home, whatever its defects, and only a well-kept house. No mere effort to do one's duty can fill the measure of love, and nothing else in human relationship can take its place. —Exchange.

Selected Recipes.

Plain Raised Buns.—From raised dough take as much as would make one good-sized loaf. Put it in a mixing pan and with the hands gradually work in two tablespoonfuls of soft butter, three well-beaten eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-half of a teaspoonful of salt. Add as much more flour as may be needed to make a soft dough, knead well for five minutes, cover and set aside until light. Make up by hand into small round buns, put close together in well-greased pans, brush the tops with milk and let stand until very light. Brush again with milk, sprinkle with a little granulated sugar and bake in a quick oven. They will take from twenty-five to forty minutes, according to thickness.

Prince Henry Pudding.—Soak a pint of crumbed bread (stale) in a quart of milk for an hour, then drain as dry as possible and beat well; now blend to a cream half a cup of warmed butter with the yolks of five eggs and add the carefully-grated yellow rind of a lemon. At the last, stir in the stiffened whites of the eggs. Put a thick layer of this mixture in the bottom of a buttered mould, then a layer of orange marmalade, and continue until full. The top layer should be bread mixture. Cover, tie with a cloth and boil an hour. Decorate with marmalade after turning out on a hot dish. This top dressing is greatly improved by mixing it with the juice of an orange or lemon. The marmalade is supposed to give sufficient sweetness, but a little sugar may be added if wished. Eat with hard or soft sauce, as fancied.

Chicken Pudding.—Divide two chickens into joints and boil until the meat drops from the bones. While cooking, make noodle batter, by beating five eggs until light, adding a teaspoonful of salt and flour to make paste too stiff to be stirred. Knead this into a hard mass, cut into thin slices, roll into wafer-like sheets and spread on cloth to dry (about half an hour.) Lightly flour each sheet, roll and shred with a sharp knife. When the chicken is cooked, shred meat fine. In an earthern pudding dish alternate layers of chicken and noodles until all the chicken is used, letting noodles form top layer. Cover with a gravy made by boiling down the water in which the chicken has boiled, and adding an equal quantity of milk, an egg, butter the size of a walnut, sage flavoring to taste, and enough flour to make thin batter. Bake in oven until a delicate brown (about thirty minutes) and serve with mashed potatoes.

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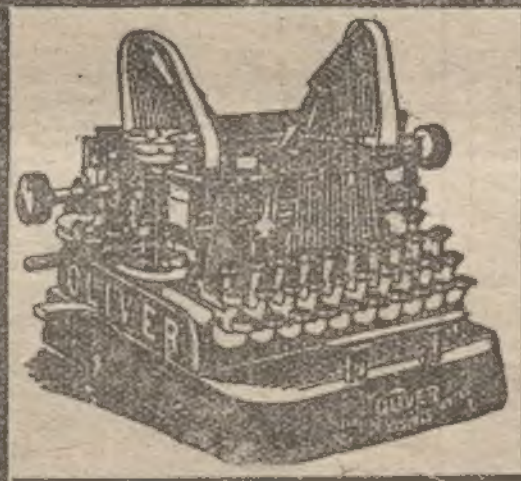

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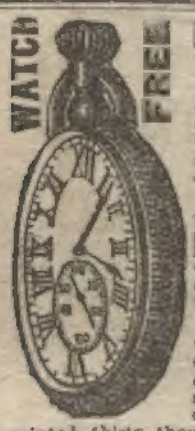

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We will give this handsome watch free to any boy for selling only one dozen of our annual comic review of the year entitled "1904 CARICATURED" at ten cents each. A 50 cent certificate given free with each.

The watch has a beautiful silvered nickel case, handsomely polished, a hard enamelled dial, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and second hands, and reliable American movement. It will last for years with care.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

MELBOURNE, ONT.

Dear Sir,—Owing to a mistake two dozen Caricatures arrived, instead of one dozen ordered. I undertook to sell them all, so as to earn two watches, one for my brother who helped to sell them. I met with good success, as they sold like 'hot cakes.'

RUSSELL CAMPBELL.

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We trust you with 16 of our handsomely bound 25c. Canadian Home Cook Books to sell at 15c. Each one contains 739 tested Recipes and other valuable information for housekeepers. No trouble to sell them. When sold, return money, and for your trouble we will give you the loveliest little Watch, stem wind and set, decorated dial, French crystal, fancy Gold hands and polished Silver nickel case, enamelled in beautifully colored designs. Every girl or lady who answers this advertisement to-day will get a chance to win a New Model, High Grade $25 Bicycle Free. We send Cook Books postpaid. Address The Maxwell Co., Dept. 442 Toronto

Win a WATCH and BICYCLE

All you have to do is to sell only 2 doz. large beautiful packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each Each package contains the finest mixture in the world, over 60 different varieties. They sell like hot cakes. We send them to you postpaid. When sold return the money you get for them, and we will promptly send you a lovely little Lady's or Girl's Watch, gold hands, fancy dial, accurate movement, handsomely polished case, ornamented with roses and leaves in colors, a very beautiful watch and a good time-keeper. Girls' Read. If you will write us to-day, and be prompt in selling the seeds we will enter your name in our Grand Bicycle Contest by which every Girl and Lady will have a chance to win a **New Model $25.00 Bicycle, absolutely free.** Remember all you have to do is to sell only 24 packages of seeds. Don't miss such a grand chance. Address: The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 423 Toronto

FREE GENUINE Ostrich Plume

Black or white, long, very full and beautifully curled. You couldn't buy it in your store for less than $3.00. Any lady can make herself a very stylish hat, worth at least $10.00, by simply trimming an ordinary shape with our handsome Ostrich plume. It won't cost you one cent. We will give you this **Genuine Ostrich Plume, full size,** (no imitation, remember). If you will sell only 20 of our handsomely bound 25c. Cook Books at 15c. each. Each book contains 739 tested recipes and other valuable hints and information for housekeepers. Write for the Cook Books to-day and we'll mail them postpaid. When sold return the money and we'll promptly send you this **Genuine Ostrich Plume** for your trouble. You risk nothing. We trust you with our Books and take back what you cannot sell. Address The Maxwell Co., Dept. **426,** Toronto, Ontario

BOYS, GIVE US AN HOUR AFTER SCHOOL AND WE'LL GIVE YOU A $3.00 FOOTBALL.

We say an hour, but most of the boys don't take half that time to sell 2 doz. of our large, beautiful packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Every package contains the finest mixture in the world, over 60 different varieties, all large flowering, deliciously fragrant, in endless combinations of beautiful colors. Everybody buys them, and for doing this easy work we will give you one of the best Balls made, Association or Rugby, whichever you choose, best quality leather, good rubber bladder. You couldn't buy it in your town under $3.00. Over 2,000 boys are enjoying the game of football to-day with balls that they earned by doing a little work for us. You're next. Write to-day and we'll mail the seeds postpaid. **The Seed Supply Co., Dept. 416, Toronto.**

WE TRUST YOU

With 2 doz. large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c. each.** For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little Watch with Gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. Edna Robinson, Powassan, Ont., says: "My watch is a perfect beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gracie Brown, Chaverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 414, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

EARN THIS WATCH,

With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and reliable American movement, by selling only 18 Glass Pens at 10c each. These wonderful Pens sell like hot cakes everywhere. They are made entirely of glass, never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. Write us to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. THE PEN CO. Dept. 455, Toronto.

WE TRUST YOU

With 10 of our fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in Canada, to sell at 10c. each. Write us now and we'll mail them postpaid. They are so large, so beautiful and so cheap that everybody buys. When sold return the money, and, for your trouble, we'll give you a lovely Gold-finished Ring, any size, set with three very large beautifully colored Pink Pearls and perfect imitation Diamonds that glisten and sparkle just like real Diamonds. We'll also give you an opportunity to win a High Grade Lady's or Girl's New Model $25 Bicycle Free, without selling any more seeds. Write to-day sure. **The Dominion Seed Co., TORONTO, DEPT. 432,**

GRAND FREE RIFLE OFFER TO BOYS

Shoots B.B. Shot or Darts and Kills Rats, Birds, etc., at a Distance of 50 Feet.

We have a large stock of Glass Pens which we want to clear out before spring. That is why we are making the grandest offer ever made. It is this: Any boy who will dispose of only 15 of our Glass Pens at 10c. each, we will give Free a genuine Steel Barrel Hunting or Target Rifle, latest model, all parts interchangeable, provided with pistol grip, true sights, harmless, strong, durable, shoots accurately. Boys have use for such a gun every minute—hunting in the woods, shooting at targets, drilling as soldiers. Send us your name and address to-day and we will mail you the 15 Glass Pens postpaid. You can easily sell them in 10 minutes. They are wonderful Pens, made entirely of glass and write a page with one dip of ink. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you the Rifle just as described.

FREE GRAPHOPHONE OFFER

In order to further stimulate the sale of our Glass Pens we will as long as the stock lasts give a Graphophone and one Record Free to the first boy in every town and village who earns a Rifle. Write to-day and make sure of getting this Extra Prize. **THE PEN CO., DEPT 490 TORONTO, Ontario**

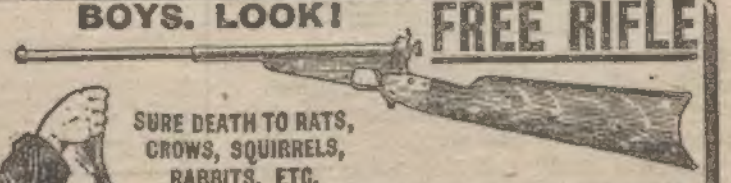
BOYS! HERE'S THE BEST EVER A DAISY RIFLE AND $25 BICYCLE FREE

Send us your name and address to-day and we'll mail you postpaid 15 of our large fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in Canada to sell at 10c. each. When sold, return the money and for your trouble we'll give you the best Air Rifle made—a strong, accurate shooter, safe, sure and harmless. Worth $1.50 in your store. We will also give you an opportunity to enter our Grand Free Bicycle Contest by which every boy has a chance to win a new model High Grade regular $25 Bicyle absolutely Free. Boys, don't miss such a grand chance. Think what sport it will be to jump on a bicycle, with a Rifle on your back, ride out to the country and shoot ducks and squirrels. This advertisement may not appear again. Write to-day sure. The Seed Supply Co., Dept. **421,** Toronto

VALUABLE RING AND GOLD WATCH FREE

All we ask you to do is to sell 16 of our large beautiful fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in the world. (Every package contains **over 60** of the rarest prettiest, most fragrant, largest flowering varieties in every imaginable color.) Sell them at 10c. each, return the money, and we will promptly send you this beautiful Ring, finished in 14k. Gold and set with large magnificent Pearls and sparkling imitation Diamonds that can hardly be told from the real stones. If you write at once for the Seeds we will give you an opportunity to get an elegant Gold-finished double Hunting Case Watch, Lady's or Gentleman's size, Free, in addition to the Ring. Address **The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 41 Toronto, Ont**

BOYS. LOOK! FREE RIFLE



SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Species, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. 423 Toronto.

SEND NO MONEY

If You want this Beautiful WATCH and RING

All you have to do is to sell only 7 of our large, beautifully bound 25c. Canadian Home Cook Books at 15c. each. Each one contains 739 Choice Recipes. Every lady will buy one as soon as she sees them. When sold, return the money and we will promptly send you a lovely Gold finished Pearl and Diamond Ring, any size. The stones are so beautifully colored, so brilliant and sparkling that they can hardly be told from the real gems. Write for the Cook Books to-day and we will give you an opportunity to get a handsome 14K. G-ld finished, beautifully engraved Watch, Lady's or Gent's size free as an extra gift. **THE MAXWELL CO., Department 441 Toronto.**

Punch and Judy 27-in. High FREE

These figures come in beautiful fast oil colors on strong sateen, and they can be stuffed with cotton or old rags of any kind, as directions will show. Boys and Girls, do you know how much fun there is giving a Punch and Judy show? Do you know how many pennies you can make, too? Then why not have a Punch and Judy of your own? You can get them for nothing from us if you will sell only 15 large beautiful packages of our fresh Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains the finest mixture in the world, over 60 different varieties, all large flowering, deliciously fragrant, and in endless combinations of beautiful colors. They are the fastest sellers you ever saw. It won't take 10 minutes to sell the whole 15. Write to-day, and we will mail you the seeds postpaid, and as soon as we get the money for them we will send you this Punch and Judy free. There are barrels of fun in store for you. Don't delay, **The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 407, Toronto**

EASY TO GET

A Dolly that Goes to Sleep and a $25.00 Bicycle FREE

Just send us your name and address and we will mail you postpaid, 15 packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. Girls, you never saw anything sell so fast. They are so big and beautiful. They contain such a splendid mixture of large, deliciously fragrant flowers that everybody buys. When sold, return the money and we will give you this lovely Girl Doll, handsomely dressed from head to foot, real bisque head, blue eyes, pink cheeks, pearly teeth, golden curls, a perfect beauty, that you can dress, undress and put to bed, for this Girl Dolly is dressed just like you—real stockings and slippers, lace trimmed underwear and stylish dress, and hat that you can take off as often as you like. Besides this lovely Girl Doll we will give you an opportunity to get a High Grade $25.00 Bicycle, Lady's or Girl's size, **Absolutely Free.** This is the best chance you ever had. Don't miss it. Just think, all we ask you to do is to sell only 15 packages of Seeds, and it won't take longer than 10 minutes. We trust you. Don't send us any money. A few of these big beauty Girl Dolls shut their eyes and go to sleep—not many, and they will be given away first, so be sure to write to-day. **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 423 TORONTO Ont**

"THE WATCH IS A DANDY

FREE FREE FREE

And takes the shine wherever it goes." That is what Leo. C. Gavin, Metcombe, Ont., said about his watch, and we have hundreds of other letters from delighted boys who have received handsome watches for selling only 1½ doz. of our large beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds**, the best in Canada, at **10c.** each. Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Write to-day and we will send the Seeds, postpaid, for you to sell; also 1½ doz. Certificates, each worth 50c. one of which is to be given away free with each package. When sold, return money and we will immediately send you one of the handsomest watches you ever saw—with solid silver nickel case, nicely engraved edge, decorated dial, heavy bevelled crystal hour, minute and seconds hands, and reliable American movement. With care it will last **10 years.** Write to-day sure. **Seed Supply Co.,** Dept. 482 **Toronto.**

Big Magic Lantern FREE

Fitted with double Telescope Crystal lenses made of lacquered brass and nickel plated, handsomely designed; complete with oil lamp and large assortment of colored slides. Best thing known for evening amusements and shows. Send us your name and address for only 15 of our large, fast-selling, beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in the world, to sell at 10c. each. Return us the money received and we will send you the Magic Lantern and complete outfit at once. Write to-day, **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPARTMENT 436 TORONTO, ONTARIO**

BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS FREE

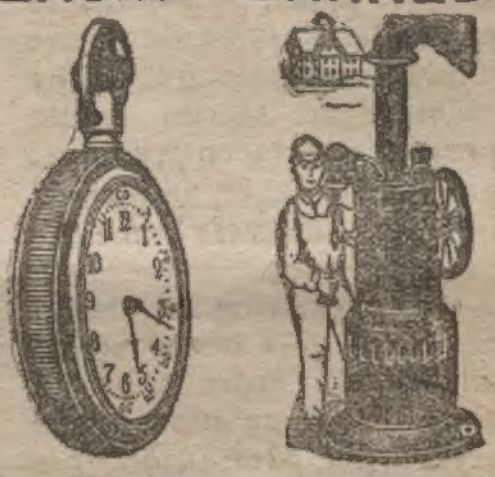
GIRLS! We trust you with 10 large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds**, to sell for us at 10c. each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful gold finished Opal **Ring also a Gold or Silver** composition, full size curb chain **Bracelet.** Remember, you get **both the Ring and Bracelet** for selling only **10** packages. **Everybody buys our Seeds.** They are the easiest sellers ever handled. Mary Species, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept 401 Toronto.

Earn a CAMERA and BICYCLE

Go for a Ride and Take Pictures of What You See.

All you have to do is to sell only 15 of our large beautiful fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. **It won't take 10 minutes,** and for your trouble we will give you, Free, a Camera and Outfit and full instructions, so that you can learn how to take pictures and print them in a few hours. Outfit consists of 1 box Dry Plates, Hypo, Developer, Fixing Powder, etc., etc., everything necessary to make good pictures. We will also give you an opportunity to get a new model Bicycle, boy's or man's size, an up-to-date wheel that you couldn't buy in your town for less than **$25.00, Absolutely Free,** without selling any more Seeds. Remember, only 15 packages of Seeds to sell, and we guarantee to do exactly as we say. Write to-day and we will mail the Seeds, postpaid. The Seed Supply Co., Dept. **411,** Toronto, Ont

EASILY EARNED



You can easily sell 12 of our large beautiful packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds in a few minutes and just as soon as you send us the money you get for them we will give you, Free, a big, handsome, perfect running, upright Steam Engine. It is a beauty; interesting and instructive, and perfectly safe. It has a brass boiler, sheet iron fire box, and everything that goes to make a perfect Engine. We will also give you an opportunity to get a beautiful $10 Watch Free. All you have to do is to sell only 12 packages of our Seeds. Everybody buys them. Write to-day. The Seed Supply Co., Dept. **412,** Toronto, Ont.

WHAT BOY WANTS A WATCH and BICYCLE?

If you do, send us your name and address and we'll mail you postpaid, 18 large, beautiful colored packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in Canada, to sell at 10c. each. Send us the money you get for them and for your work we'll give you one of the handsomest Boy's watches you ever saw—solid silver nickel case, highly polished, accurate American movement, porcelain dial, good plain figures, fine blue steel hands, heavy bevelled French crystal—a splendid time-keeper and a watch that any boy would be proud to wear. **Grand Extra Prize.**—If you will write us to-day and be prompt in selling the Seeds, we will give you an opportunity to get a **New Model High Grade $25 Bicycle absolutely free** without selling any more Seeds. We are a reliable company and do exactly what we say. Our Sweet Pea Packages are the easiest things you ever tried to sell. Write at once. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPARTMENT 432, Toronto.**

FREE STEAM ENGINE

Makes 300 Revolutions in a minute. Easy running, swift and powerful. Strongly made of steel and brass, handsomely nickel plated. Has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burner compartments. Boys! this big, powerful Steam Engine is free to you for selling only 9 large, beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. **Everybody buys them.** Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Order now, as we have only a limited quantity of these special Engines on hand. Arnold Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., said: "My Engine is a beauty and a grand premium for so little work. **PRIZE SEED CO., Dept. 415 Toronto**

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